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RECITATION ——— ————— POEMS.



For Sabbath Schools, Mission Bands, Etc.



POEMS FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

POEMS FOR EASTER TIME.

POEMS FOR HARVEST HOMES.

POEMS FOR CHRISTMAS FESTIVALS.

POEMS FOR MISSIONARY CONCERTS.

POEMS FOR BANDS OF HOPE.



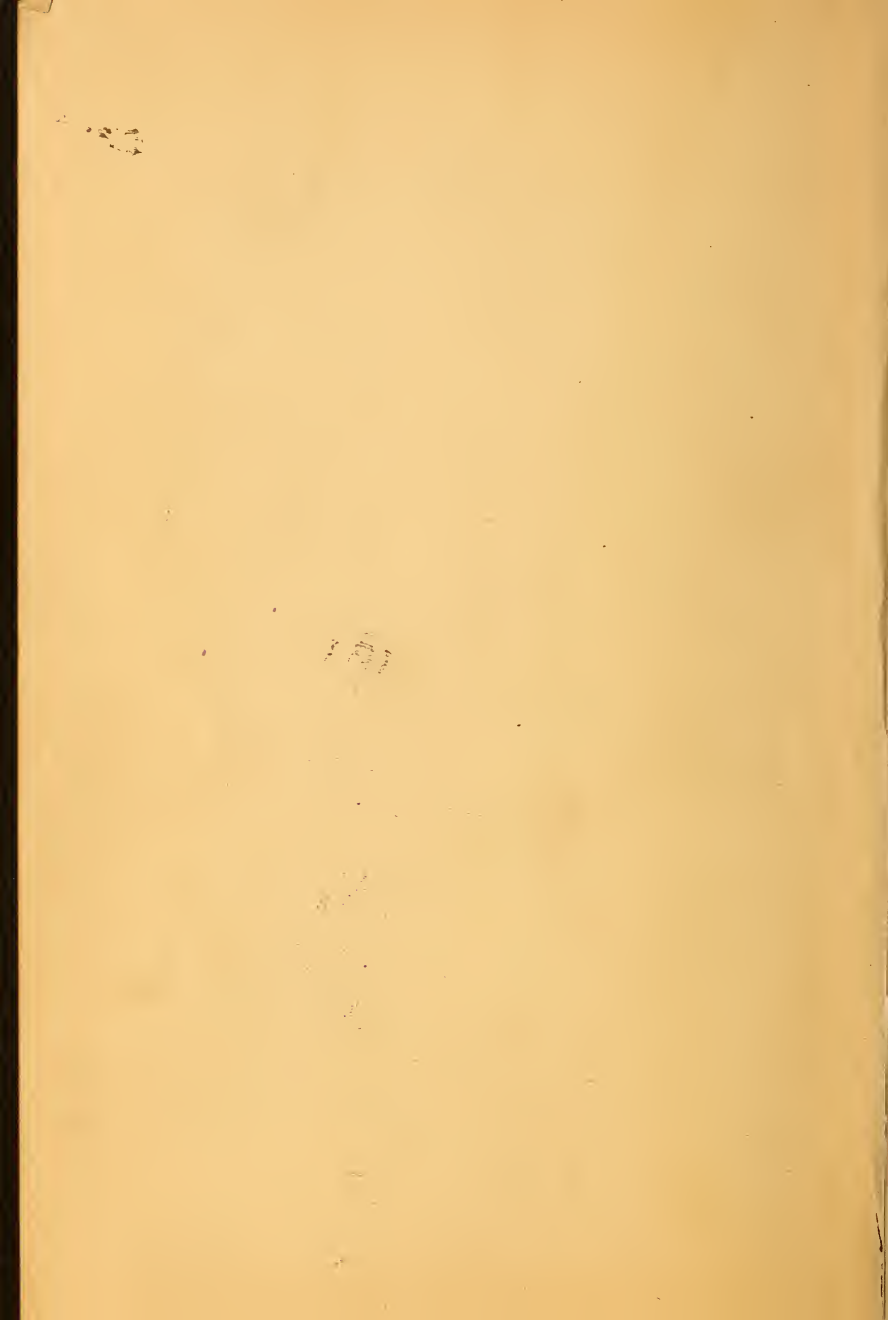
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RECITATION POEMS

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR

SABBATH SCHOOLS, MISSION BANDS, CON-
CERTS, EASTER, CHILDREN'S DAY,
HARVEST HOMES, CHRIST-
MAS FESTIVALS, &C.

BY

HANNAH MORE KOHAUS.

37
5/36

"God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound
the things that are mighty.—1st Cor. 1:27.



FLEMING H. REVELL,

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PREFACE.

A realization of the necessity for a work of this kind has prompted its preparation and publication. Studious care has been taken to make the recitations short, not to overtax the memory of the child; also a conscientious effort to embody in each, simplified, some truth, or spiritual thought which may imbed itself in the productive mind of a child; germinating, budding, blossoming and bearing righteous fruit.

THE AUTHOR.

Chicago, January, 1889.

NOTE.—Appropriate costumes may be used, also suitable gestures and attitudes, according to the discretion of teachers.



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EASTER BUDS.

WAKING TO LIFE.

From a lowly, rusty bed,
A crocus feebly raised its head,
And I'm sure I heard it say,
"Who is it that's risen to-day?"

A lily of the valley white,
With its head but just in sight,
Heard I in a sweet voice say,
"Who is it that's risen to-day?"

Farther on a stream in glee
Burst from icy fetters free;
Rippling sweet, I heard it say,
"Who is it that's risen to-day?"

Then a tiny blade of grass,
I essayed to heedless pass,
Raised itself to softly say,
"Who is it that's risen to-day?"

Little birds with sweetest notes
Swelling from their feathery throats,
Calling to each other, say,
"Who is it that's risen to-day?"

Then a child with hands clasped soft,
Eyes raised earnestly aloft,
Sweetly to them all did say,
 "Christ the Lord is risen to-day!"

EASTER REVERIE.

A great light shone upon the earth ;
Its pure, effulgent, hallowed birth
Sprang from Light's fountain head and shone
Like rays that beam from God's white throne ;
Yet, gazing past its radiant sheen,
The shadow of a cross was seen.
Men gazed upon its brightness with strange awe,
And marveled much at what they felt and saw ;
Assumed it oft the mildness of a dove,
Whose eyes o'erflow like rivers with deep love :
Again a form majestic, regal, grand,
Born but to rule and homage to command ;
Yet whose fair countenance bore marked im-
 press
Of soulful beauty born of holiness,
And concentrated, without blemish, there,
The sweetness of a thousand souls laid bare ;
His lips, like lilies, drop sweet smelling myrrh
Of pure and holy thoughts ; His chaste words
 were
Like strings of rarest pearls, and chains of gold
The truths that one by one His lips unfold.

Then up sprang Envy's baleful flame,
Uncalled for malice, scornful blame,

Within the erring hearts of men,
Inflaming them to hatred; then
They sought to quench the kindly light
By mortal power and human might.
Now were its beams a few short hours subdued,
As like a lamb He stood and silent viewed
The *real cross* the shadow had forecast;
Upon His locks the drops of night fall fast;
His forehead pale is wet with crimson dew;
His lips, like scarlet threads, to palest hue
Are blanched with agony of wounded love;
Yet not a hand or finger did He move
To stay the cup that to His lips was pressed
With bitter, ignominious, cruel jest.

Now darkness wrapped the world around,
An earthquake shook and rocked the ground,
Creation groaned, graves opened wide,
Waves lashed to fury, ships divide,
Asunder rent the holy veil;
Men's strong hearts quake and women wail,
As in the tomb, dark as the night,
They sought to hide the eternal Light.
But could the grave enfold it? No, no, no!
It burst its prison bars with one bright glow
And forth it came a radiant, dazzling beam,
Enflooding earth and heaven with endless
stream.

Now with white radiance, then a glowing flood,
As if perchance its rays had dipped in blood.
All nations' hands outstretch its warmth to feel,
And unseen angels in its presence kneel;
Dead nature resurrects beneath its rays,

The sleeping birds awake to sing its praise,
White lilies bloom in beauty to adorn
Its head so lately pierced with thorn,
Soft breezes on their hidden wings do bear
A fragrance scented as with voiceless prayer;
Those hearts that loved it much Rabboni! cry,
And bask beneath it with sweet, restful sigh—
O Love! O Truth! O Light adored!
Our All-in-all, our risen Lord!

WHO STOLE MY LORD?

Some-one stole my Lord away
In the dark, dark night!
Not a glimpse of Him I found
In the morning light.

How my heart with grief was torn,
As I wept and wept,
That I had not prayerfully
Better vigil kept.

When I searched him who had robbed
My heart-tomb within,
Shudderingly I found it was
Crafty, hideous *sin*.

But I asked him when it was
In my heart he crept.
"Oh!" said he maliciously,
"It was while you slept!"

Ah! he'll ne'er repeat that theft,
For I'll watch and pray
That *no* evil one again
Steals my Lord away.

EASTER DAY.

This of *all* days is the day
We should roll the stones away;
Stones of sinfulness and doubt,
So the Saviour may shine out.

Swift the angels will descend,
And a helping hand will lend;
Help you roll them back and stay;
Seated there in bright array.

Jesus' radiant countenance,
Will your soul's delight enhance;
And His raiment, white as snow,
Over every blemish throw.

To the opened sepulchre,
Bring, instead of odorous myrrh,
Good resolves and penitence,
Deeds of love, for frankincense.

Haste to roll the stones away,
And with contrite spirit say,
"In this opened heart of mine,
Christ the Lord shall rise and shine."

THE ANGELS' MESSAGE.

Go, tell the disciples
Jesus hath arisen,
Even as He told them,
Out of death's dark prison ;
Rocks could not enfold Him,
Stones could not debar ;
Stoop down and behold you
Death's gate stands ajar.

'Twas not earthly fingers
Did the linen fold,
Not by human effort
Was the great stone rolled ;
Angel hands from heaven
Pushed it far away
Just as Night's dark curtain
Lifted was by Day.

Cease thy needless weeping,
Haste thee now away ;
Run, tell the disciples
This is the third day ;
Seek ye not the living
Here among the dead ;
Jesus Christ hath risen,
Even as He said ;

Shines upon your darkness
With translucent ray,
Having solved the problem
Of death's mystery ;

Risen all triumphant,
Gained the victory
O'er the grave's dark shadow,—
Man's last enemy.

ON EASTER MORN.

A sweet, pale, broken-stemmed lily,
Grace, in her brother's hand placed,
That he, on his couch reclining,
Might have of glad Easter a taste;
So long he had lain there and suffered
In the grasp of pain's unrelaxed might,
'Twas hard to say which was now paler,
The boy or the lily snow-white:
But each was a type of the other,
A bud nipped in youth by decay,
And waiting in patient submission
To be borne by the angels away.
Sick Willie was made very happy,
Though 'twas but a perishing flower,
Exhaling a faint, sweet fragrance
In its bruised and dying hour;
So Gracie sits down by his bedside,
And talks with unwonted glee,—
For the day was the restful Sabbath,
And from daily toil she is free
To lavish the wealth of affection
Her heart to her brother had given,
That barred with her love, if it could be,
His entrance e'en into God's heaven,—

He was all that she had in the wide world
To love, and love her in return ;
No wonder in jealous devotion
Her heart for her darling would yearn !
So she sat in the mellow sunshine
And talked to him hour after hour,
And, among other things, she told him
How it was she had brought him the flower ;
For they had no money for dainties,
Had scarcely enough food to eat,
And e'en in the bitter winter
Went shoeless, sometimes, in the street ;
Their frequent guest was Destitution,
They were children of Poverty's own,
And lived away up in an attic,
The brother and sister alone.
Said Grace : " Very early this morning,
While you, Willie dear, was asleep,
I ran to the church round the corner
To take at the flowers a peep ;
As I said, it was still very early,
They had not even rung the first bell,
And the people in there were just carrying
More roses than I can tell,—
Ferns, smilax, carnations and lilies,
And flowers to me quite unknown,
Which they heaped high round the pulpit,
Till it looked like a regal throne,
Or maybe I should say an altar ;
No matter, they covered it o'er
With the beautiful blooms, and meanwhile
This fell close by me on the floor ;
So I asked them if I might have it ;

They answered, 'Yes; now run away!'
And you may be sure, brother Willie,
I scampered with little delay."
When Gracie the last word had uttered,
Her hand on her brother's she placed;
'Twas cold as a stone, and his dark eyes
Were staring wide open and glazed.
She felt if his heart was still beating;
Ah, no! it was pulseless and stilled,—
The tomb she had guarded was empty,
Her heart with new agony filled;
As the young, broken life and the lily
Together in beauty there lay,
The chime of a bell began ringing,
"Rejoice! He is risen to-day!"
Grace ceased from her bitter weeping
To list to the comforting hymn,
And a voice whispered, "Yes, He has risen,
And taken thy brother with Him!"

ALL HAIL!

All hail this day! Our voice should raise
A hymn of joyous, happy praise
To greet the resurrection morn,—
The day when Christ anew was born.

Spring's sweetest flowers are early blown,
The sun its soft, warm rays have thrown;
The hills and vales are tinted green,
The wild primroses bloom between;

The crystal brook leaps wild with play,
The fount cast showers of silvery spray ;
The birds pour forth a thrilling song
In endless praise the whole day long ;—

All in its honor. Hail ! hail all !
Behold the Christ ! Before Him fall !
Haste, tho' thine eyes with joy are dim,
Embrace His feet and worship Him !

WHAT THE ANGELS SAID.

He goeth before you, all the way,
Not only to Galilee,
But over life's cloudless path by day
And over night's billowy sea !

Over the desert of burning hate,
Through the valley contumely ;
Under the shadow of Olivet,
Through the garden Gethsemane.

Over the mountain where stands the cross,
Down into the dismal tomb ;
He goeth before you all the way
Robbing each step of gloom.

Up to the gateway of paradise,
There your dear Lord you will see ;
Lo, I have told you ; He is waiting now
In the heavenly Galilee.

A FLORAL CLUSTER.

(FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.)

THE MISSION OF THE FLOWERS.

God made a tiny flow'ret,
As pure and white as snow,
And said, "This modest lily
Must in the valley grow,
And send forth sweetest fragrance
With meekly drooping head,
And teach the world humility
From out its lowly bed."

And then He made a red rose,
With lovely, blushing face,
And said, "To you, my fair one,
I'll give a higher place;
But you must teach a lesson
Upon your little mound,
By breathing love and perfume
Upon the world around."

And thus they grew in beauty
Not many rods apart,
While each fulfilled its mission
With glad and willing heart;

And when the frost of Autumn came,
And chilled their hearts with fear,
God laid them gently down to rest
Upon a snow-white bier.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Brightest day of all the summer !
Would that it had come to stay,
With its wealth of blooming fragrance,
Children's happy, floral day !

Here are brought the hills and valleys'
Richest treasures to array
God's pure temple and make holy
Children's joyous, floral day !

Truly, Jesus must be happy,
As He views this rare display ;
He will bless you for remembering
Children's happy, floral day !

Would the hours were not so fleeting,
Swift the flowers to decay ;
But sweet memory will be keeping
Children's joyous, floral day !

Scent of leaves, moss, ferns and roses,
All along life's future way,
Will recall a sweet remembrance
Of the children's flower day.

THE BEATITUDES.

[The reciter holds a bouquet of flowers in the hand and points to those designated.]

God has given to me a garden
Full of flowers rare ;
In among them stroll I daily,
Culling here and there.

VIOLET.

This one is the poor in spirit,
Unto whom is given
Entrance into life immortal
Through the gates of heaven.

IMMORTELLE, OR ANY DARK FLOWER.

Here is one cast down with mourning,
Heavy heart and sad ;
But the Comforter is hastening
And will make it glad.

DAISY.

Here is lowly, blessed meekness,
Earth's inheritor,
Dwells in peace among the roses
Or the prickly burr.

ROSE.

Here is one that thirsts and hungers
After righteousness ;
Filled it shall be, running over,
With Christ's blessedness.

LILY.

This one is in heart the purest
Growing from the sod ;
Having also this rich promise,
" It shall see its God."

Peacemakers are this bright cluster,
Soothing troubled blame,
Called the children of the Highest,
Holy, envied name !

A PRETTY WEED.

This is oft reviled, ill treated,
Trampled root and stem ;
But our Father for His kingdom
Soon will perfect them.

Many more are there, for only
Down one path I've trod ;
But ere this you know my garden
Is the " Word of God."

SOMETHING SWEETER.

[For three little girls dressed in white.]

FIRST GIRL.

The lily of the valley in
Its shady, cool retreat,
Is pure and beautiful, but I
Know something still more sweet.

SECOND GIRL.

The tuberose in its waxen robe
Is passing fair and neat,
With fragrant odor too, but I
Know something still more sweet.

THIRD GIRL.

The milk-white snowdrop, Autumn's gem,
For her rich crown is meet,
And fair as summer flower, but I
Know something still more sweet.

ALL.

It is a group of little girls
Who sit at Jesus' feet,
And learn of Him the way to live—
That's something far more sweet.

SOMETHING STRONGER.

[Companion to "Something Sweeter." By three small boys.]

FIRST BOY.

The massive oak, whose roots strike deep,
And branches reach out long,
Is very wonderful, but I
Know something still more strong.

SECOND BOY.

The wind that comes with cyclone strength,
And shrieks a mad, wild song,
Is powerful in its might, but I
Know something still more strong.

THIRD BOY.

The lion-king will terrify
The brave, the old, the young,
With his fierce giant strength, but I
Know something still more strong.

ALL.

It is a band of little boys
Who strive to conquer wrong
In Jesus' name; and that, we know,
Is something still more strong.

THE FULLNESS OF HIS PRESENCE.

I think, as I gaze on this beautiful scene,
That Jesus must be very near,
And eagerly catching each word and each song,
As it falls on His listening ear.

His far-seeing eyes must be glancing about,
And searching with diligent care,
The hearts of these children, to see if indeed
His name is in truth written there.

He loves little children! has given them this day
To be altogether their own,—
A type of that glorious Sabbath when we
Shall assemble around His great throne;

Shall crown Him the King of all Kings ever-
more;
Shall, worshipping, kneel at His feet;—

And again He will place His dear hands on our
heads,

And bless us with thrilling words sweet.

Moreover, I think, as I gaze on this scene,

That heaven's a place much like this,

Except that, instead of the Presence we *feel*,

We'll *see* Jesus just as He is.

THE CHILDREN REBUKED BY A CLOUD.

And so you think I am unkind .

To pour down as I've done?

Well, really now, I never meant

To spoil your pretty fun!

My little body was so full,

I could not keep it in;

Although I tried my very best,

It burst right through my skin.

I see you are impatient, too,

Because I stopped your play;

Which of you was it that exclaimed

"Old rain, rain, go away!"

But stop! reflect what good I've done,

For one of my small size,—

Have not I laid the gritty dust

The wind blew in your eyes?

With fresh, cool water bathed the grass
That's underneath your feet?
And tell me now, if you before
Smelt flowers half so sweet?

I've given the vegetables a lift,
Fresh vigor to the trees,
I've helped to ripen luscious fruit
And cooled the sultry breeze;

Ah! now I see you hang your heads
You're penitent, I know;
Since that is all I'm waiting for,
I'll say "good-by" and go.

INASMUCH.

Our Lord is the Vine in the garden of God,—
The tender young branches are we;
Those who have thus labored for us in His
name,
Said Jesus, "Have done it to me."

Those guiding our footsteps in flower-bordered
paths
Of rectitude, virtue, and truth,
Are training the branches to cling to the Vine
In the trying temptations of youth.

No service in life you can render the Vine,
Comes nearer its warm, loving heart,

Than leading the tendrils upon it to lean,
For strength, from life's earliest start.

Then store our young minds with the fruit of
His love,
Fresh vigor in us to recruit;
And when to maturity grown every branch,
Will yield Him abundance of fruit.

THE PLEA OF THE ROSE.

Oh! did I hurt you, little one?
I meant not so to do;
I wish that all might handle me
As tenderly as you;
But God, my child, gave me this thorn
My beauty to protect,
For some are ever treating me
With rudeness or neglect.

Nor do they heed how hard they press
My tender, velvet leaves;
They tear me up and leave me to
The mercy of the breeze;
I know 'tis sharp as Kitty's claws,
And hid like them from sight;
But that's the only way, you know,
I can assert my right.

Supposing I should grow my thorn
In the *center* of the rose,

You could not my sweet breath inhale
Unless you pricked your nose!
So it is better where it is,—
Though grieved it gives pain—
And I'll be very careful it
Shall not hurt *you* again.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

The flowers have a language,
With speech they are endowed,
Although no one has ever
Heard any speak aloud.

'Tis mostly in soft whispers
Their secrets they impart,
And when they teach us lessons
They talk right to the heart.

They tell us who has made them,
And do their best to show
That no one but the Father
Could make such flowers grow.

They teach us to be holy,
Pure, from the depths within;—
Who ever knew a flower
To commit a sin?

They teach us to be humble,
Although they're robed and leaved,
In garments more resplendent
Than artists have conceived.

They tell us to be patient,
By actions' loudest word;—
Who ever heard a lily
Utter an unkind word?

The snap-dragon, or cactus
With its thousand prickly thorn,
Was never known to quarrel
With a flower since it was born!

They teach us, life should scatter,
With every breath we breathe,
The richest perfume, and each hour
With flower-like deeds enwreathe.

The language of the flowers
Speaks not in words but deeds;
E'en when they breathe no longer,
They're dropping flower seed.

HARVEST HOME SHEAVES.

HARVEST CROWN.

She's here again, our Autumn Queen,
With flush of rose and amberine ;
All nature's hues compose her gown,
Enwreathed her head with harvest crown.

She brings with her a royal train,
Of ripened fruit and golden grain ;
Of mountain-ash with berries bright,
And clustered snow-drops milky white.

The rustling leaves beneath our tread,
Those slowly fading overhead,
She paints with marvelous brilliant power,—
A symbol of life's dying hour.

Her hazy, yellow-gleaming morn
Awaken thoughts all newly born,
Her evenings' sunset, crimson glow,
Unlocks sweet memory's "long ago."

Her dying leaf and flower and seed,
Unravel life's mysterious creed ;
They drop to earth, assume decay,
And in the spring new life display.

A type of earnest life is she,
And type of immortality;
Life's task achieved, we lay it down,
And take from God our Harvest Crown.

SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS.

The fields are white with the harvest,
And Jesus, in accents kind,
Asks, "Who will work in my vineyard,
Who will sow and reap and bind?"

Who'll sow in the early morning
Here and there a handful of seed,
To be nurtured with prayerful watching,
And garnered with never a seed?

Who'll reap, in the glaring noontide,
From the highways and dens of vice?
Who'll pluck the brands from the burning,
For whom I have paid the price?

Who will list to the loud appealing
From brothers o'er sea and land,
Who with outstretched arms are pleading,
Oh, send us a helping hand;

The harvest here is so plenteous,
The reapers so very few;
Come up to the help of the mighty
The master hath need of you?

Who'll bind in the mellow twilight,
By guiding the aged dear
To walk in the Saviour's footsteps,
You think you can almost *hear*,

As the night descends in darkness,
And you enter the home of the blest,
From the day's weary heat and burden,
To be forever at rest.

There Jesus will stand awaiting
This welcome on you to bestow;
"Oh, blessed are ye, my children,
Who do by all waters sow."

BROTHERHOOD.

Love will work no ill to neighbor,
But will do him good;
God will know His true disciples
By their brotherhood.

Now, look at the white fields yonder,
See the grain so ripe to reap;
Then say if you're going to help them,
Or to fold your hands and sleep.

There are children by the thousand
That have never heard God's name,
On the street or round the hearth-stone,
Save in cursing or blaspheme.

His dear name, the gentle Jesus
Who loved children, oh, so much!
Ever waiting but to bless them
With divine and loving touch.

His kind heart in tender pity
For his lambs is yearning still,
And their souls are in our keeping;—
Shall we save, or shall we kill?

Like a Cain we may not slay them,
But with *thoughtless, cold neglect*;
Is this *true*, my Christian hearers,
Stop a moment and reflect.

If God asks you for your brother,
At His judgment bar some day,
Will you say, "I'm not his keeper,"
Hide your face and turn away?

If you do, the rocks and mountains
Will not shield you from his wrath;
For He is a God of justice,
Though He tender mercies hath.

'Tis a sad and gloomy picture
Drawn with heavy heart and bowed;
But, thank God! the silver lining's
Just behind the darkened cloud.

You who have been blessed with plenty,
Homes of love and Christian grace;
Can, with generous heart consenting,
Swiftly this sad scene erase.

All the cloud may be one splendor,
Radiating floods of light,
If our love for one another
Is but measured in God's sight.

THE GLEANERS.

[For five small girls, one being older than the rest as
Teacher.]

TEACHER.

What have you gleaned for the Master dear,
Wandering abroad o'er His fields this year?

FIRST GIRL, WITH APRON FULL OF WHEAT.

Ripe, golden grain from the harvest I've
brought,
Into bread for His children it soon will be
wrought;
Giving food to the hungry and strength to the
faint,
Silencing poverty's dismal complaint.

TEACHER.

And what did you graciously, readily bring
To the Master to-day for an offering?

SECOND GIRL, WITH A QUANTITY OF FLOWERS.

Flowers, the sweetest, the rarest that's blown;
So lovely the angels the seed might have sown;
I've gleaned them to take to the sick room, so
dear,
Where Jesus has many dear children, I hear.

TEACHER.

And what have you brought? I fear 'tis quite
small,
You hide it so nicely away from us all!

THIRD GIRL, WHO HAS BEEN SMILINGLY HOLDING HER
HANDS BEHIND HER, NOW EXTENDS THEM, SHOW-
ING PENNIES.

Not so, Teacher dear, for here you can see
The gold and the silver that's all His to be!
I've earned all this money with tired hands
and feet,
To bring to my Master a sacrifice sweet.

TEACHER.

And you little [supply name], the tiniest of all,
What tithe have you brought in reply to the call?

FOURTH GIRL, HOLDING BY THE HAND A POORLY CLAD
CHILD; MAKE A STRIKING CONTRAST BETWEEN
THEM.

Only this stranger, 'twas all I could find;
Will He be satisfied? Will He not mind,
I've brought Him so little? He knows I'm but
four,
Too little to glean for Him anything more.

TEACHER, TAKING THE CHILD'S HAND.

No, No! little darling; you've gleaned far the
best,—

Although there's no fault to be found with the
rest;

But the richest of gleaning from God's harvest
land

Is the soul of a child from another child's hand.

ONLY A MITE.

[For a girl of six or seven years, profusely covered with
Autumn leaves, vines, etc.]

I'm not to be left outside in the cold,
When there's something to bring to the Har-
vest fold;
I've been just as busy as two little bees
And pilfered from ever-so-many big trees.

SCATTERING LEAVES ALL AROUND HER.

I'll lay here a carpet of red, gold and green,
The prettiest pattern that ever was seen ;
And here is a vine on the pulpit to lay
And plenty of leaves to make a bouquet.
My offering is only a mite, that I know,
But to get them I had to reach high and bend
low,
So please don't expect very much from poor me,
For I'm only a mite in myself, you can see.

FRUIT.

[For a small boy.]

ASSUMING AN ATTITUDE OF PERPLEXED THOUGHT.

When I hear Christians talk of fruit,
I cast my eyes down on my boot
And I think and think and *think*,
My eyes keeping pace with a wink,
All trying to find the true link
Between an immense apple tree
And a youngster no bigger than me.

SCRATCHING HIS HEAD FOR A THOUGHT.

Now trees bear fruit, and boys bear—oh!
Now I have it! now I know!
Apples can be sour or sweet,
Green as grass or red as a beet,
Good for men or pigs to eat;
Ripe or rotten, mellow or hard,
Pleasing, or keeping one always on guard.

So this must really be, I think,
The secret of the apple link;
Children can be cross or mild,
Sour as crabs and quickly riled,
Or with selfishness be “spiled” (spoiled),
Or generous, noble, kind and sweet,
Like fruit that’s *good enough to eat*.

SERVICE FOR CHRIST.

O, would I could earn from the Master
The rest for which we all sigh;
That undisturbed rest to be given
In the land of the “Sweet by and by.”
I’d work till my hands were outwearied,
I’d pray the unceasing prayer,
I’d conquer the spirit of evil;
For the kingdom I do and dare!

Would that I could earn from the Master
The reward of His “well done” smile;
That smile of approval and gladness,
To be ours in the “after-awhile”;

I'd labor from morning till evening
With footsteps that never would tire,
For every pure, Christian-like virtue,
My soul would in earnest aspire.

O, would I could earn from the Master,
At however costly a sum,
The crown that is promised the faithful,
And bestowed in the "Quickly I come";
That crown all enstarred with rare jewels,
Whose lustre ne'er fadeth away,
But crowneth a soul that shines brighter
Than the light of a perfect day.

RUTH.

A gentle maid with lowly mien
In harvest fields went out to glean;
In sweet humility she thought
"I will be satisfied with aught.

I'll wait until the gleaner's done,
Then I will slowly follow on,
And one by one as each one leaves
I'll gather up neglected sheaves."

With happy smile and head bent low,
Softly she followed to and fro;
Meanwhile the Master rich and kind
Was watching her not far behind.

He bade the gleaners drop more grain,
Until there lay a golden train;

And all the ground was richly spread
Along the path where she would tread.

Her arms were amply filled with food,
Her heart with joyous gratitude;
Just then she heard the Master call,
And found he loved her more than all.

Along life's pathway, here and there,
Are sheaves neglected, needing care;
And there must be some maids like Ruth,
Or they'll be lost, in very truth.

Then do not mind to follow on
And glean as she did, one by one,
Neglected sheaves, for, seeking such,
Our God will love us very much.

REAP AND GATHER.

The Saviour's heart is yearning
With true compassion deep
For all His wandering children
Who are in sin asleep;
He prays His faithful followers
Their labors to renew,
To reap and glean and gather
The many, not the few.

The path that leads to glory
You have in love been taught;
From ways of death and darkness
To life and light been brought;

You have received so freely
Of love and power and light,
Extend your hand in mercy
And rescue with your might.

Go to the work with gladness
And count it joy to do
With willing heart and purpose
What God requires of you ;
Call sinners to repentance,
His kingdom is at hand,
Prepare their souls to meet Him
And in His presence stand.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

Where shall we find them? In the old marble
halls,
Where ancestors beam from the tapestried walls?
Are their hands snowy-white, hid with jewels
well nigh,
Their cheeks a shell-tint, their brows lofty and
high?
Is it in cloth of gold they will richly attire
And for worldly renown they will ever aspire?
Where on the earth shall we search? In what
quarters
Will we find, if we seek them, the King's lovely
daughters?

They are wandering in halls as old as the earth ;
Their lineage is noble, and noble their birth ;

Their features are graven on the old walls of
Time,
Their memory enshrined in the heart as sublime ;
Their hands are the whitest, for they've never
been
Polluted and stained by the blackness of sin ;
Their cheeks have a beauty the shells will out-
shine ;
To tint them pure love and devotion combine ;
Their foreheads are lofty with deep, sacred
thought,
Their raiment of purity cannot be bought ;
Their footsteps are plodding, both tireless and
fleet,
To stay the impetuous, unwary feet,
Of those who have left fair, green pastures
within,
To pluck bitter weeds in the garden of sin ;
In the hovels where sickness and poverty meet,
'Tis there you will find them in lowliest seat,
Dispensing sweet words of comfort and cheer,
Dispelling the gloom and brightening the drear ;
They do *whatsoever* they can with their might,
And go *wheresoever* they're called, day or night ;
Considerate of others, unselfish, not vain,
Doing and giving with no thought of gain ;
The words from their lips are like diamond and
pearl,
Emerald, ruby, agate and beryl ;
Their garments exhale, as they trail on the
ground,
A perfume whose fragrance all odors will
drown ;

They seek not for fame, they desire no re-
nown;—
Yet they will obtain from the Master a crown.
In seed time and harvest, beside all needy
waters,
You'll find, if you seek them, "The King's
lovely Daughters."

A SEED THAT WILL HARVEST A GENERATION.

Between the leaves of the great Book, is there a text teeming with more fruitful promise of immeasurable results than this, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;" re-enforced by, "As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined"?

Could the tender, watchful care and training we see so lavishly bestowed on flowers, birds, and other household idols, be expended upon children now being reared neglectfully in homes of ignorance, pinched poverty and vice, what a wonderfully different aspect would the future present! The present outlook would speedily become transformed into one fraught with hopefulness and exhilarating encouragement.

Imagine an extensive garden filled to repletion with perpetually blooming flowers, each enfolding a priceless and imperishable jewel. With what anxious solicitude would they be pruned and guarded; with what jealous care

gathered and garnered! How eagerly would the storehouse be filled and the invaluable gems enumerated!

Thus should appear to our mental vision the vast harvest-fields found in all cities, towns and villages, white with uncared-for children, many of whom have exquisite abilities, their earnest faces and sparkling eyes appealing with intense desire for the luscious fruit of knowledge, almost within the reach of their outstretched hands; their fertile, receptive intellects grasping at every slender branch of instruction, their eager appetite for learning awakening vigorous inspiration in the instructors.

An absorbing, teachable spirit dwells instinctively in the heart of almost every child, which should be instigated and directed from infancy into channels of industry, truthfulness, honesty, self-respect, nobility of character and righteousness. This done, a seed dropped from a flower developed and cultivated in this Christian fertility, would account for a generation, bearing fruit meet for eternity.

“Bring in all the tithes,” saith the Master,
“My storehouse will multitudes screen;
Bring ripened fruit and the golden grain,
With the flowers that blossom between.”

CHRISTMAS EVERGREENS.

THE BIRTHDAY OF CHRIST.

Early on the Christmas morn,
Night her veil had just withdrawn;
Angels chanted loud and clear,
“Wake! awake! the Lord is near!”

Now the wise men’s weary feet,
Hastened on with step more fleet,
As the voices swelled their lay,
“Christ the Lord is born to-day.”

With their eyes fixed on the star
Onward gazed the men afar;
Sweet the angels sang again,
“Peace on earth, good will to men.”

Now the wise men’s footsteps stay,
Angels hush their chanting lay;
Joy and adoration blend,
As above the stall they bend.

Think you, in the infant wail,
Heard they echo of the nail
Driven in His tender form?
Did they think for that He’s born?

Nay! the halo round His head
Fixed their steadfast gaze instead;
Not alone for death and shame,
Ridicule and scorn and blame;

But as royal Prince of Peace,
Medium of sin's release;
To be glorified He came,
And to glorify God's name.

PREPARE THE WAY.

Bring evergreen and cedar bough,
Fresh gathered from the mountain brow;
Bring holly branch and berries red
To strew upon the path He'll tread;
He's sure to come in by and bye,
Unseen, perchance, by mortal eye,
But if we'll listen, as we pray,
We'll hear His sweet voice softly say,
"Lo, Jesus comes your soul to save,
To overcome death and the grave;
To cheer your hearts and calm your fears,
To give you blessings, wipe your tears;
To rescue all from sin and strife
To purchase you eternal life.

'Tis well you greet my natal day
With emblems green in bright display;
I'm glad my footsteps hither came,
I'm glad to meet here, poor and lame,

These little ones, the aged too,
Whom you have bid to share with you
This festival of joy and mirth,
You have prepared to greet my birth :
For this you've done for me in love,
I'll share with you my home above."
And then so silently He'll go,
He'll leave no footprint on the snow,
But on our hearts He'll leave a trace
Of His sweet peace and loving grace.

THE STAR.

The world was wrapped in darkest night,
Men groped about in search of light ;
And feeling oft like one that's blind,
They sought a glimpse of light to find.

And while they sought with mind intense,
The darkness seemed to grow more dense ;
When, sudden, in the heavens afar,
Appeared a brilliant, trembling star.

It threw such light upon the earth,
The planet seemed to have new birth ;
It shone on mountain, vale and brook,
And penetrated every nook.

It drove men from their sinful lair,
They could not brook its steady glare ;
But gave to timid souls a sense
Of safety, rest and peace intense.

And it was warmth as well as light,
It brought much cheer and stayed much blight;
It gave us food and raiment too,
And fell upon the earth like dew.

Sweet flowers sprang up to greet its birth,
A rainbow spanned the wondering earth;
The angels sang with mighty voice,
"There's light on earth, let all rejoice;
This is the star of Bethlehem!"
And earth replied, Amen! Amen!

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

The earth is robed in garments white,
And hearts are singing with delight
To greet the Christmas morn;
This is *the* day of all the year,
Because it brings such goodly cheer,
This day when Christ was born.

Let all the bells ring merrily
To greet its advent cheerily,
This merry Christmas day;
May open hands and hearts be found
To scatter brightness all around,
In one effulgent ray.

Let's hasten to the hungry poor,
To drive the wolf from off the door,
That they may merry be;

Let's scatter blessings far and near,
To every hearthstone bring some cheer,
That Jesus Christ may see.

We hail the day with joyous heart,
We bid the world with us take part,
And celebrate His birth.
So ring, sweet bells, your silvery song,
Commemorating all day long,
The gladdest day on earth.

CHRIST'S PILGRIMAGE.

God's messengers bore to earth one day
A spirit divine, enrobed in clay,
To be mankind's redeemer for aye,
And the angels called Him Jesus.

A babe in a manger cradle lay,
His bed lined only with sweet, clean hay,
But round his head shone a kingly ray,
And the wise men called Him Holy.

A man walked forth on the busy street,
Shod with the gospel of love his feet,
Mercy-deeds dropping and thrilling words sweet,
And the children called Him Father.

A soul was cruelly nailed to a cross,—
A heavenly gain but an earthly loss;
As death was tinged with a radiant gloss,
And the people called Him Saviour.

The heavens opened its own to recall ;
The spirit then breathing a blessing on all,
Re-entered with joy the celestial hall,
And Jehovah called Him " Beloved."

TRUE FAME.

The question comes home to us now and then,
Have we love enough for our fellow men?
Do our hearts rebound with an eager throb
But to enrich them, never to rob?

'Tis not with meaningless words we love,
But with deeds that speak and actions that
 prove ;
Then love with a flame like consuming fire,
Burning all bitterness, envy, ire.

Love till you shatter the stoniest heart,
Till the frozen tear-drops melt and start ;
Till the wayward wanderers you reclaim,
Changing to beauty their rags of shame.

Love till you break every barrier down,
And the ghost of remembrance, too, you drown
Till the children greet you with joyous cry,
And the poor " God bless you" as you pass by.

Love till the feeling's akin to pain,
A tenderness that you cannot restrain ;
Then the angel, recording, will write your name
On the page with Ben Adhem's of deathless fame.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Welcome! merry Christmas morn,
• Happy day when Christ was born;
When I bend my knee to pray,
I will thank God for this day.

What a precious Christmas gift,
From the mother's knee they lift,
When the wise men from afar,
Found Him by the guiding star.

"Christmas gift!" He says to all
Who are listening to His call;
"What have you to give to me?
I will give my life for thee."

But He's 'way up in the sky,
And we cannot reach so high;
So we'll give His children dear,
Gifts, for they are ever near.

LITTLE SNOW-FLAKE.

Little snow-flake, soft and white,
Drops down in the silent night;
Soft she came with steady poise,
Making not a bit of noise;
Gently falling on the earth,
To be present at the birth
Of the Christ-child, and adorn,
With her beauty, Christmas morn.

Sure, no fitter emblem there
With the Saviour to compare.
Perfect, holy, pure is He,
Doing good so noiselessly;
Leaving paradise above,
To redeem us by His love.

THE EVERGREEN WREATH.

[For ten children, five boys and five girls, profusely decked
with evergreen in any tasteful manner.]

APPROACH THE PLATFORM IN COUPLES, BOY AND GIRL;
FORM A CIRCLE, BOY AND GIRL ALTERNATELY;
WALK AROUND SINGING CHORUS TO TUNE "A
ROSY CROWN."

To Sabbath school we love to go,
In warm or wintry weather;
We trip along o'er grass or snow
Hand joined in hand together:
O'er the snow to Sabbath school we all are going,
Gladly, joyous, happy,
Gladly, joyous, happy
To our school we love, we love to go.

BREAK CIRCLE IN ONE PLACE; STAND IN ROW.
BOYS ASK, IN UNISON:

Why do we love the Sabbath school?

GIRLS REPLY, IN UNISON:

This is why we love to go,
It is a taste of heaven below;
A sacred, undisturbed retreat,
Where followers of the Saviour meet;

The vestibule where we prepare
Our souls the home of Christ to share :
On earth there is no place so sweet,
For there the Saviour we shall meet,
As to our teacher's side we press
To learn the way of righteousness.

JOIN HANDS; WALK AROUND IN CIRCLE AS BEFORE,
SINGING CHORUS; AFTER WHICH STAND IN LINE
AS BEFORE. GIRLS, IN CONCERT:

What do we learn in Sabbath school?

BOYS, IN CONCERT:

We learn to give our hearts in youth
To earnest purpose, God and truth ;
We learn that charity and love
Which pleases best our God above ;
We learn to walk in paths of peace,
Where strife and all dissensions cease ;
We learn to read that holy Word
The wise and good have all preferred ;
But more than all, from sin we're driven
Into the way direct to heaven,
Where Jesus, our Redeemer, stands
To welcome us with outstretched hands.

ALL, IN UNISON:

Who is this Christ of whom we speak?

He is God's greatest gift to men,
Was born this day in Bethlehem ;
The angels heralded His birth
Far over all the sleeping earth ;
A being in whom God combined .

Divinity and humankind ,
His life and death with suffering rife
Our entrance to eternal life.
To learn all this while here below,
To Sabbath school we gladly go.

REPEAT CHORUS; AFTER WHICH LEAVE PLATFORM
TWO BY TWO.

THE CHILD ANGEL.

A little old fellow was peering about,—
He dressed rather shabby, but looked well and
stout,
Except that his countenance wore a tired look,
So busy he'd been in his far-away nook;
In work to his elbows day in and day out,—
No danger of him being laid up with gout;—
But what kind of labor no one had he told,
He looked as if rags and old iron he sold,
Yet no one had ever once seen him stoop down
And pick up such old things as those from the
ground;
Although he'd been hanging about now for
days,
And looking and acting in many queer ways;
To-day he was listening in people's backyards
And seemed to be writing some names down
on cards;
He peeped in at windows when no one was
near,
And sometimes he put to the keyholes his ear;

He looked rather simple, but quiet and good,
And never asked questions nor begged any
food;

So careful he was not to cough or to sneeze,
He'd stoop behind fences or dodge behind
trees

If anyone watched him from window or door,
And hastily left for new fields to explore.
But now it was nearing the close of the day,
And children were out for an exercise play;
The days in the winter are short, at their best,
But a romp they must have ere retiring to rest.
Away in the east is a dim little star,
That warns them dark night is advancing afar;
And so with a will they all frolicked and ran,
Till someone discovered the little old man;
They one and all hailed him with riotous shout,
The boys and girls hastily gathering about;
He tried to escape them, ran into a court,
But on they went after him bent on some
sport;

One naughty boy at him some snow roughly
threw,—

The little man muttered, "Ah! if you but
knew!"

"Shame! shame!" the rest cried out, "Don't
do that again;

We can have lots of fun without giving him
pain!"

So now all surround him and gently they teased;
One playfully from him his knotty cane seized,
One stuck an old quill in his hat's broken brim;
He made no resistance, but looked rather grim;

They tried to unbind an immense heavy pack
That securely was strapped on his old, crooked
back;

They strove to unbutton a large, brownish coat
That covered his form from his heels to his
throat;

They pin strips of paper all over his back,
And a placard "For Sale" upon him they tack;
And he remained patient and quiet through all,
Till someone again hit him with a snow-ball.

Now, this was as naughty as naughty could be,
And greatly it pained him such conduct to see;
'Twas wonderful how the old man kept so still,
He ought to have boxed that boy's ears, with a
will;

And all the good children were thinking the
same,

For they with one impulse in anger exclaim,
"For shame! you bad boy, to so roughly en-
treat

A destitute stranger alone in the street;
Maybe he has neither a friend nor a home;
If you know what's best, you'll just let him
alone!"

Then, seeing how pleased grew his sad coun-
tenance,

They drew somewhat nearer; to his side they
advance

And stroked his fat fingers, took off all the
things

The boys had pinned on him, still calling them
"wings;"

And here, once again, he repeated quite low,

"I wonder what each one will say when they know!"

And now they were silent, no one spoke a word;

So thinking perhaps that now he could be heard,

Said he: "'Tis the privilege of every old man
To tell a good story whenever he can,
And if you'll be quiet a moment or two,
I'll tell you one that I believe is quite true."

Now all were attentive, with eyes and with ears,
Forgetting their play and neglecting their
jeers;

His voice was as sweet as the tones of a bell,
When for the first time on their ears it fell,
As he opened his lips this tale to impart,
The moral of which, he hoped, touched every
heart.

A poor little girl
On a door-step sat,
Carefully feeding
Some bread to her cat;
A nice slice of sponge cake
Lay on her knee,
Someone had given her
For her own tea;
When little kitty for
More bread would mew,
Sweetly she'd tell her,
"I'm hungry too;
This piece of sweet cake,
You know, is my treat,
For little have I

Of such food to eat!"
When kitty's last morsel
Was swallowed from sight,
Grace opened her mouth,
To take a big bite
Of her own supper,
When, raising her eyes,
She saw standing near,
A child her own size,
But oh, so much poorer!
His clothes were all torn,
His feet almost barefoot
His shoes were so worn;
He spoke in a whisper,
So low and so sweet,
"I am very hungry,
Please give me to eat."
She offered him quickly
All that she had,
And then very sweetly
To him she said:
"Not only my supper,
But take kitty too,
So you'll have some one
Nice to love you."
The kind words had scarcely
Escaped from her lips,
When, the boy disappearing,
In the same place there sits
An *angel*—so lovely,
So radiantly white—
Who kissed her white forehead
And vanished from sight.

And so, little children, hereafter beware
How you're treating a stranger; you may
unaware

Abuse God's dear angels, or—maybe—now
think—

"*Someone else of importance!*" he said with a
wink.

One sweet little maiden, quite timid and mild,
Asked: "Are you an angel?" "Well, no, my
dear child,

For you see I've no wings as they have to fly,
And yet, let me tell you, I live in the sky!"

"Oh, please, sir, do tell us now what is your
name;

These rude boys, I fear, are sadly to blame."

He straightened himself to remarkable size,

Which made them all open their eyes in sur-
prise;

His face, that before had looked furrowed and
old,

Now seemed very ruddy and fresh-like and
bold;

He threw back his mantle, disclosing to view

A beautiful overcoat glistening like dew;

Then laying his finger one side of his nose,

He tried to look solemn—and did I suppose—

Then waited, what seemed to them all a long
pause,

Before he said, softly, "*My name's Santa Claus!*"

If you could have heard then the wailing and
woe,

The girls' "There! we told you!" and the boys'

"Oh! oh! oh!"

I think you'd have felt just as sorry as he,
When down at his feet they knelt penitently,
And promised him, over and over again,
They'd never make sport any more of old men.
"Well, then I'll forgive you this time! wipe
your eyes,
And to-night be prepared for a greater surprise."

THE REWARD OF THE GOOD, OR SANTA CLAUS' AGENT.

The day before Christmas
Dawned frosty and bright,
The bare trees presented
A beautiful sight;
From brown, leafless branches
The icicles hung
In crystals, resembling
A white, silver tongue;
The roofs of the houses
All glistened like dew
That lays on the flowers
With sun shining through;
The boys and the girls,
All wrapped to their eyes,
Stood about on the street,
Looking up to the skies,
And listening intently
With hand to their ear,
If Santa Claus' reindeers
Were not somewhere near.

“ I see them ! I see them ! ”
One little boy cried,
As a tiny white cloud
In the azure, he spied ;
And he clapped his red hands
In sweet childish glee
And called to the others,
“ Come on, follow me ! ”
All eagerly started
Off on a brisk run,—
And to see their legs fly,
I tell you was fun ;
Before they arrived at
The destined place
(A block down the Main Street),
It proved quite a race ;
Every one to be first
Had striven his best,
And each little face was
As red as his vest ;
And while they were panting
Aloud, with their might,
They looked up and — behold,
No cloud was in sight !
The happy smile faded
Quite out of each face,
And one of vexation
Came into its place ;
When, all unexpected,
A bright little girl,—
The only sweet darling
Who’s lip did not curl,—
Cried : “ Look ! look ! there they are,

Just crossing the wire
On the telegraph pole
Behind the church spire!"
Again they all started
Pell-mell on a run,
Some slipped on the pavement
And down they did come;
But quick to their rescue
The others ran back,
And once more they are off
On the reindeers' track.
They went quite a distance
Down through a long lane,
They must get very near
To the pole to see plain;
But gone was their rapture,
All flown their delight,
It proved to be only
An old battered *kite*.
So quite disappointed
They walked to and fro,
Their hands in their pockets,
Their feet crunching snow;
Said one little fellow,
"Real still let us be,
Perhaps we can hear them
Much better than see."
And then such a clatter
They heard, sure enough,
That must be the reindeers
On somebody's roof;
So they pulled back their ears
And opened their eyes,

But to their amazement,
Disgust and surprise,
'Twas only the snow-birds
Upon the barn roofs,
They now had mistaken
For reindeers' hoofs.
Now very disheartened
Back home they all ran;
With heads hanging downward
They bumped 'gainst a man,
That none of them noticed
Before, standing round,
Because they weren't looking
For things on the ground.
Such a queer looking chap,
So round and so fat,
With a long white top-coat
And high furry hat;
He had the appearance
Of being stuffed well
With something *unusual*,
But what, none could tell;
From under his hat peered
A little red foot;
From out of a pocket
The heel of a boot;
The head of a kitten
Peeped out from his breast,
But 'twould take too much time
To tell you the rest.
He spoke to them kindly:
"Well, my little dears,
Pray tell me the meaning

Of all these sad tears.”
One little boy answered,
Without any fear,
“ We’ve tried to be good, sir,
Throughout the whole year,
And now we’ve been looking
In the blue sky so bright,
To see if dear ‘ Santa ’
Is coming to-night ;
We’ve now looked all over,
But nowhere appears
A thing that resembles
The form of reindeers ! ”
“ Of course not, my children
[His eyes fairly beam],
You know you can only
See them in a dream ;
I’m old Santa’s agent,
And to me he said :
‘ Tell all the good children
To get into bed,
Put some sleep in their eyes,
Some caps o’er their ears,
Then they can see plainly,
And *hear* the reindeers. ’ ”
They gazed at him wondering,
With fluttering heart,
Their mouths stretched wide open,
Their feet far apart ;
Then off for their homes with
A shout full of glee,
They hurried and scampered
Like caged birds set free.

Then did the queer fellow
“Ha! ha!” and “he! he!”
And shrug his broad shoulders
And slap his fat knee;
And long ere the stars shone,
They’d all gone to rest,
Their ears nightcapped over,
Sleep on their eyes pressed,
When lo and behold! what
A sight they did see!
That same jolly fellow
Still shaking with glee,
His great-coat wide open,
His hat fallen back,
And on his broad shoulders
An extra large sack
Crammed full of the finest,
Desirable things,
Of every description
That Christmas time brings.
His reindeers stood champing
Outside the house door,
While he tumbled everything
Down on the floor;
His face fairly radiant
With honest delight,
He cried “Merry Christmas!
Till morning sleep tight.”
Then over the housetops
Of rich and of poor
He flew like the north wind,
And stopped at each door,
The same words repeating

To the lowly and high,
For Santa Claus passes
No good children by.
So when Christmas morning
All awoke to good cheer,
They vowed to be better
Than ever next year.

MISSION BAND COLLECTION.

OUR OFFERINGS.

First we'll bring our mortal bodies,
Casting them at Jesus' feet,
Asking to be "broken vessels
For the Master's use made meet."

Then we'll take upon our shoulders
Jesus' light and easy yoke,
As we give into His keeping
Our young hearts contrite and broke.

Self-denial, deeds of kindness,
Are next offerings we will bring;
Hard-earned pennies, tho' we want them,
At His feet we'll gladly fling.

Hours of play, to us so precious,
To His service we will give;
And by gentle words and actions,
Teach some others how to live.

Time we'll give to search the corners
Of the earth where gems are found;
For we know what kind of jewels
Jesus wears when He is crowned.

There are plenty in the desert,
 On the islands of the sea;
 Yes, they're waiting by the thousand,
 Over there, for you and me!

Long they've lain in hidden caverns
 Covered from the dazzling light;
 Waiting to be brought from darkness,
 Polished smooth and clear and bright.

These are treasures, these are offerings
 To His heart our Lord will fold;
 For within these hidden jewels
 Lives and breathes a *human soul*.

HOW TO GET RICH.

Who would like to be rich,
 In this world and the next?
 Are there any? Well, then,
 Here's a nice *golden* text:
 Lay up treasures in heaven,
 Of good deeds a large store,
 And of riches you'll have
 A cup running o'er.

And here is another,
 With the first will accord:
 "He that gives to the poor
 Lends unto the Lord."

And *who* is so poor
As children in sin?
Steeped they in poverty,
Outside and in.

If you to this people
The gospel have sent,
You'll see that the Master
Pays a liberal per cent,
And He's surely good pay,
You'll find out some day;
When the bills are all in,
And the balances due,
You'll find a large margin
Left over for you.

Who pays like our Saviour,
With such God-like favor:
For sowing in sadness,
There's reaping in gladness;
For one night of sorrow,
There's joy on the morrow;
For on Him believing,
Redemption receiving.

But Jesus wants always
A giver that's cheerful;
Not one that hangs backward,
And thinks *giving* fearful;
Go down in your pockets,
Bring up a big handful,
And help on our mission
In a spirit that's manful.

So would you be blessed
In heaven and earth treasure,
Give unto the heathen,
In *good, gospel measure* ;
And would you have riches
Whose wealth will ne'er cease,
This text then remember,
"He that scattereth shall increase."

A TRUE INCIDENT.

In a far away land where the gospel of Peace
Has slowly crept in sin's dark night to release ;
In a bright, cozy room, in the morn of the day,
Convened a small circle, to study and pray ;
Some of those little children whose sweet, win-
some ways
And soft, rosy lips bespeak perfected praise.
There were six in the number ; each sat in a
chair,
Of which there were seven, which made one to
spare,
But no one to fill, though it stood like the rest,
As if it were longing to enfold a dear guest.
Then the kind leader asked in tones gentle and
sweet,
"To whom shall be given this one vacant seat?"
Ere the gracious request was but fairly ex-
pressed,
The youngest child present, in a voice ringing
clear,

Replied in a moment, "*To Christ*, teacher dear!"

With eyes dimmed, the teacher rejoins, "It is meet;

Henceforth 'twill be known by the name of
Christ's seat!"

By and by, when the children of food did partake,

From the best each selected nuts, raisins and cake,

Fruits that lay in rich cluster on fresh, cool, green leaves,

And flowers the rarest that nature conceives;

All took from their store a most bountiful share,

And laid as an offering before the Christ chair.

When the plate was well filled, for a sum it was sold,

Of more than its value, yea, many times told,

Which they consecrate to their work then and there,

And offer to God in the arms of Faith's prayer.

This may seem a trifle to our earth-dimm'd sight,
In God's 'twas co-equal with the poor widow's mite,

One of those humble deeds so oft on earth done,

That will rank with the *great* in the kingdom to come;

With the cup of cold water 'twill stand side by side,

Through an endless eternity given to abide ;
 The recompense winning of richest reward,
 The murmured "well done" and the smile of
 the Lord.

Shall not we be led by the little child hand,
 Outstretched through the light that has dawned
 on that land,

And have in our hearts a proffered Christ's seat,
 Where faith offered prayer and sweet sacrifice
 meet?



WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR CHRIST?

Will all those I see here now —
 As before your God you bow —
 Ask this question in your heart,
 "Am I *sure* I do my part?"

If you did, would there still be
 Some who do not bend the knee?
 Some who do not yet confess
 Jesus Christ in righteousness?

Do you give until you feel
 You from *self* a little *steal*?
 What we *give* is oft the test,
 Love we *God* or *self* the best.

Think you, what have others done,
 When Christ's work was first begun ;
 How they periled life and health,
 Sacrificing home and wealth ;

Comforts, land of birth, and ease,
Crossing stormy, treacherous seas;
What is *gold* compared with this?
Can you call it *sacrifice*?

Do you pray that God will bless
This His work, and give success
To the men and women brave
Seeking heathen souls to save?

If you're *sure* you do your best,
May your conscience let you rest;
But If *not*, I hope and pray
"You'll be troubled night and day."

GREETING.

Kindly greeting, sisters, brothers,
Fellow workers in one field,
Who with earnest heart and purpose
Buckle on Christ's sword and shield.

Under one great Captain fight we,
Underneath one gospel flag;
Never let our footsteps falter,
Never let our colors drag.

Sympathy and prayers we tender,
Asking for the same from you;
Hoping to our Captain's colors
We may ever prove *true blue*.

Many streamlets make a river,
Many branches make a tree;
If we're banded close together,
Trees and rivers we may be.

Making fruitless valleys fertile,
Causing withered grass to blade,
Spreading forth our leafy branches,
Giving to the weary shade.

Let us forward press our mission,
Hand-to-hand and heart-to-heart;
God's one canopy is o'er us,
Though we're often miles apart.

Many happy, loving greetings,
Full of blessing, void of tears,
Tender we, as all unite in
Giving you *three hearty cheers*.

LITTLE TOT.

I'm the smallest of the lot;
Some folks call me "Little Tot";
But there's much that I can do,
If I'm not as big as you.

I love Jesus, 'deed I do,
And I love the heathen, too;
And although my heart is small,
There's room in it to *love you all*.

GOD IS LOVE.

There are myriad stars bright glistening,
In the firmament above;
Had they voices they would whisper,
“Know you, children, God is love?
Know you we are His own handwork,
Made so perfect, strange and fair,
Do you wonder that we’re yearning,
His great wonders to declare?

See yon milky way so beauteous;—
’Tis the pathway angels trod,
When they left their earthly casket,
To ascend and dwell with God:—
’Twas in love He this created,
’Twas in love He gave us birth,
Making, as He did, all nations,
Of *one blood*, throughout the earth.”

AFTER MANY DAYS.

A stranger stood beside me, one
Whom I could not recall
In face or form, as having met
In hovel, cot or hall.

“I was an hungered once,” said he,
“Had naught but husks to eat;
When thou upon me didst bestow
Imperishable meat.

"My life was near consumed with thirst,
My lips were parched and dried;
Ye gave me water from the fount,
By living rock supplied.

"I was a stranger, lone and cold,
With no befitting garb;
Ye clothed me, took me in, with love
That left no poisoned barb.

"I was a sufferer racked with pain,
Ye ministered to me;
A prisoner bound with galling chains,
Ye brought me liberty."

I gazed upon him; knew him not;
Mine eyes were holden fast;
When, suddenly, his aspect changed,
And I beheld, aghast,

A countenance whose radiance
Blinded mine eyes to see;
And sweetly said my Saviour's voice,
"Ye did it unto Me."

THE ISLES OF THE SEA.

The isles of the sea are awaiting,
Still waiting the long promised day,
When morning shall break there in gladness,
With the light from the Gospel's ray;

Far back in the ages 'twas promised,
That God would His messengers send,
The eyes of the sinning to open,
And be to the heathen a friend.

As sure as the rainbow of promise,
Spans the heavens from mountain to sea,
All tongues shall His dear name acknowledge,
And to Him shall bend every knee ;
"Go preach the glad news of salvation,
And tell *all the world* I am come!"
Are the words from the lips of the Saviour,
God's only and well-beloved Son.

Yet still many islands are waiting,
Still looking *this way* for the light ;
And now shall we send it them quickly,
Or let them remain in dark night?
Oh, shall it not be, my kind hearers,
More effort with you and with me?
For *God* is still anxiously looking,
For these waiting isles of the sea.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

The light of the morning
Is surely now dawning,
Where night has in terror long reigned ;
And midnight is quaking
As daylight is breaking,
And evil, 'tis now will be chained.

It is for us token
That our God hath spoken,
“Give way, let my people go free!”
And Satan is trembling,
An aspen resembling,
His subjects he sees on their knee.

The light radiating,
O'er heathendom's breaking,
And daylight will banish her fears;
In the glare of noonday,
Gloom will hasten away,
To be bound for a thousand of years.

THE GOLDEN STAIR.

You have heard, dear friends, of the golden stair,
That leads straight up to heaven,
With steps so narrow, straight and steep,
But polished smooth and even.

We can't go alone up this narrow stair,
That would be selfish and mean;
There are some we must *drag* and *coax* and *push*,
And *One* on whom we must lean.

I'll tell you who *I'm* going to take with me,
As I climb it with all my might;
And if I can only get hold of their hands,
I *tell* you I'll hold to them *tight*.

They are some little boys who sometimes swear,
And often get into a fight;

But in them I know is a world of good,
If they but knew *how* to do right.

And some little girls, *maybe*, I might take,
If they would behave and not *tease*;
I know I could help them from step to step,
With gentle and perfect ease.

And any old folks who were struggling along,
With feeble and tottering walk;
I'll give them a lift on my shoulders broad,
And beguile them with cheering talk.

And there is a *nation* of children and men,
Far over the wide surging sea,
Who never have heard of this golden stair;—
These, also, I'm taking with me.

I cannot get hold of them by their hands,
So carry them on my young heart;
And sometimes I feel them so heavy, *I'm tired*,
And wish someone else would bear part.

Dear friends, you know of this beautiful stair,
Please give us a lift with all these;
They're down at the bottom, you're near to the
top,
Stoop down and their hands help us seize.

Help lift with your money, your hands and your
prayers,
Till we get to the top all together;
Then Jesus will smile and bid us *come home*,
And rest from our climbing forever.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Watchman, tell us of the night,
What is yonder ray of light,
Coming with the mountain breeze,
Gently touching tops of trees?
Has the night in safety passed?
Has the day-break dawned at last?

(ECHO IN THE DISTANCE.)

All's well! All's well!

Has night's darkness flown away,
Making room for glorious day?
Will the clouds and dewy mist,
Which the day-god softly kissed,
Leave so bright an atmosphere,
They can read their title clear?

(ECHO.)

All's well! All's well!

Watchman, cheering words you tell,
And we will the echo swell,

(DOUBLE ECHO.)

All's well! All's well!

CHRIST'S LITTLE MESSENGERS.

We are messengers for Jesus,
All these little folks and I;
To prepare the way before him,
Jesus sent us from on high.

Do not think because we're tiny,
There is nothing we can do;
We can even preach a sermon—
Of our own—as well as you.

We can tell the “old, old story,”
In as many different ways;
For from out the mouths of infants,
God, you know, perfected praise.

And these tiny little fingers
Can unlink the massive chain
Satan binds upon his subjects,
Though he holds with might and main.

They can pick up little pebbles,
That would wound Christ's bleeding feet;
And can help poor wandering children,
Gather 'round His mercy-seat.

Aren't we messengers for Jesus?
Cannot we the sweet name bear?
Crystal raindrops are quite little,
But the earth could not them spare.

In the world, what is there smaller
Than one little grain of sand?
But if many are together,
You can on a *mountain* stand.

Yes, we're messengers for Jesus,
For we help in many ways
To prepare the way before Him,
And *He'll come* ere many days.

Then sweet flowers and green branches,
We can strew before our King;
Casting down our hearts before Him,
Welcome! welcome! we will sing.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY'S DREAM.

A little boy sat by a clear, bright stream,
For awhile in a quite mood;
Then looked all about him in eager haste,
For string and small pieces of wood.

"I'll build me a ship," he then said aloud,
"And call her the bright Morning Star;
I'll sail from the north to the warm sunny south,
From the east to the west afar.

"I'll man her with all the *good* boys and girls,
That I play with all the long day;
And then we will be *brave missionaries*,
As we sail in my ship away."

He played and he played till so weary he grew,
He fell *fast asleep* on the sod,
And dreamed that a messenger all in white,
Descended directly from God,

And stood by his side and talked with him there,
Then gave him the angels' seal,
And told him some day when he was a man,
His play of to-day should be *real*.

But when he awoke the night had come on,
And he fled to his home in fear,
Forgetting about his play and his dream,
For many and many a year.

He grew to the age and stature of man,
And out in the wide world he went,
Scattering the seed of the gospel of Truth
Wheresoever his footsteps bent.

The spirit of God then led him aboard
Our new "Morning Star" one day,
Then flashed through his mind the dream of his
youth,
The ship and his childish play.

And now he knew 'twas an Angel of Light,
That appeared of his dream a part;
And ere it pinioned its wings for flight,
It left a white ray in his heart.

HOW TO PRAISE GOD'S NAME.

God made the little birds to sing,
To praise His holy name,
And though I'm not a *little bird*,
He made *me* for the same.

My voice is not just like a *bird's*,
Nor have I wings to fly;
But if I work for Jesus here,
I'll have them up on high.

God made my little heart to love
Him, and His creatures, too ;
Our Jesus loves the heathen child,
And so should *I* and *you*.

For they don't know our Saviour dear,
And we must send the news
Of His salvation of the soul
To Turks, Chinese and Jews,

To Afric's sons and daughters black,
To Greeks and Pagans, too ;
For Jesus died for *all* mankind,
And not for just a *few*.

Nor is it color Jesus loves, —
If black, or white, or brown,
Our Lord will give to each, in heav'n,
The same bright golden crown.

You'll see there, faces that were dark,
And eyes that once were wild ;
You'll see the mother that would give
Her babe to crocodile.

Now if we send the holy Word,
To such as these, I claim
That is *one* way to serve and praise,
God's great and glorious name.

Then haste, my lips, to sing His praise,
My heart, be full of love ;
My little hands and feet, be swift
To serve my God above.

AFRICA.

Deepest gloom and midnight darkness,
Lay on Afric's wretched land;
In their hearts no love for brother,
And no fear of God's command;
Ignorant and superstitious,
Serving gods of wood or clay,
Offering them as sacrifices,
Many infants in a day.

Lower still and lower sank they,
Till of light there's not a ray,—
But, you know, the hour is darkest,
Just before the break of day;—
Then a little band of Christians,
Offered them a helping hand;
'Twas brave hearts and noble impulse,
Ventured in that desperate land.

How they started back in horror
At the sight that met their view;
Filthy, squalid, black and naked,
Human beings!—was it true?
Some there were that looked like monsters,
Coming out from hut and den,
And they asked each other, shuddering,
"Can it be that these are men?"

These, for whom Christ left the Father,
Gave Himself a sacrifice,
To redeem from sinful bondage
This black race? Oh, what a price!"

But they buckled on God's armor,
Patience, love and Christian grace,
And He gave them heavenly wisdom,
How to deal with this dark race.

When the light of knowledge entered,
Opening wide their untaught mind,
Quick they grasped the truths of Jesus
Round their hearts the words to bind.
Would that you could see them sitting
At the missionary's feet,
Their black faces raised so earnest,
Drinking in His words so sweet.

Now they sit in right minds clothed,
And in neat and modest dress;
In their arms their little infants,
To a loving heart they press.
Volumes could not hold the record,
Of the good our work has done,
For no race was more down trodden,
Underneath God's glorious sun.

THE PEARL.

[For a very small girl.]

My mamma said she had a shell,
Which held a precious pearl;
And so I ran to hunt it up,—
For I'm a "curious" girl;—
But nowhere could the shell be found,
I searched it high and low;

So then I thought the better way
Would be to her to go,
And ask her where she kept the shell,
That held the costly pearl:—
What *do* you think her *answer* was?
“Why, ’tis *yourself*, my girl!”

MICRONESIA.

’Tis not many years ago,
Micronesia lay in woe;
Bound in fetters fast, she wore
Heavier chains than slaves e’er bore;
Savage as the beasts of prey,
Barbarous and degraded they;
Ofttimes when they lacked for meat,
One another they would eat.

’Twas this country sent us word
That they liked “American bird”;
They no finer dish could boast
Than Missionary broiled, on toast.
Nothing daunted by their spar,
Thither went the “Morning Star,”
On her pilgrimage of love,
Sailing like a carrier dove.

Laden she with earnest men,
Armed with bibles, tracts and pen;
Ready now for any strife,
E’en to laying down their life.
Just a word now let me tell

Of the work they've done so well.
Sprinkled over all the land,
On their islands, churches stand;
Native pastors by the score,
Native teachers, even more,
Stand within the sacred wall
Sounding forth the gospel call;
Schools for intellect and skill,
For the natives at their will.

Now we're getting back again
Help such as we gave to them;
Has it paid, dear Christian friend,
Micronesia light to send?
Light to break upon her shore
That will darken nevermore?
Is there something more to do?
That's the question now for you;
And your answer we shall know,
By the help you will bestow.

HOW TO MAKE A MISSIONARY.

Take two hands that never weary,
Add two feet that never tire,
Two lips full of kind words cheery,
One heart full of gospel fire;

Stir them well with prayer and interest,
Sympathy and love well blent;
Mix in ready money freely,
Flavor with encouragement.

Drop him in a land of sinners,
Frost him thick with brotherhood,
And you'll have a Missionary
Of the finest magnitude.

THE GOLDEN BELT.

We are forging a belt of the purest gold,
For an endless chain when its links are all told;
We'll prayerfully guard it from earthly dross,
And clasp it when done with Immanuel's cross.

We are forging it slowly, link after link,
Making it lengthy and solid and strong,
To enchain the heathen all over the globe,—
And little by little we're pushing along.

We've reached Micronesia and taken her in,
She lay in the depths of idolatrous sin;
But now from the cross streams a long ray of
light,
That makes their dark faces look happy and
bright.

The links are extended to Africa's clime,
And she's belted in secure for all time;
Her idols in pieces lay scattered around,
And to our Jehovah their hearts are bowed
down.

Now Turkey and China have let us come in,
To rescue their souls from corruption and sin;

When they first saw our belt they grasped it
with joy ;—

They know *now*, 'tis more than a glittering toy.

I speak of the links and will tell you the name,
Of the rivets that fasten this wonderful chain ;
They are *love*, *prayer* and *money*—and the more
of these

We can put in our belt, the faster it weaves.

Like toilers for Jesus, our work will be pressed,
We'll think not a moment of taking a rest,
'Till all this earth over, Christ's banner's unfurled,

And our Golden Belt shall encircle the world.

THE "I CAN'T'S" AND THE "I'LL TRY'S."

[One older girl as Teacher: five boys and five girls.]

TEACHER.

Children, Christ has loving service,
Every day, for you ;
Listen, while I tell you kindly
What He'd have you do.

Those who will be willing servants
Promptly say "I'll try";
Others say "I can't," and quickly
Turn your backs and cry.

Jesus wants a little maiden
Who will truthful be.

FIRST GIRL.

I'll try, teacher, from all falsehood to be wholly
free.

THE CHILDREN ARE GROUPED; THE TEACHER LEADS
THE "I'LL TRY'S" ONE SIDE, TO THE FRONT OF
PLATFORM; THE "I CAN'T'S" REMAIN.

TEACHER.

Jesus wants a little soldier
That will fight all wrong.

FIRST BOY, SLOWLY.

I can't do it! 'taint worth trying,
'Cause I am not strong.

Turns his back, covering his face with his hands.

TEACHER.

Jesus wants a little servant
That will gather chips.

SECOND GIRL.

I'll try gladly, though it may be
I'll have many slips.

TEACHER.

Jesus wants a little builder
To repair His house.

SECOND BOY.

I can't, teacher, 'cause I'm dreadful
Afraid of a church-mouse.

Turns and places his little finger in his mouth.

TEACHER.

Jesus wants a little pilgrim
That will seek His shrine.

THIRD GIRL.

I'll try, and I'll follow closely
Duty's pleasant line.

TEACHER.

Jesus wants a little seeker
After righteousness.

THIRD BOY.

I can't, for it's always striving,
Working, more or less.

URNS AND PLACES HANDKERCHIEF TO HIS FACE.

TEACHER.

Jesus wants a little nurse girl
Who will cheer the sick.

FOURTH GIRL.

I'll try, and to give them pleasure
Sweetest flowers I'll pick.

TEACHER.

Jesus wants a little brother
To protect His name.

FOURTH BOY.

I'll try; then when I'm in trouble
He will do the same.

TEACHER.

Jesus wants a little sister
Clinging to His hand.

FIFTH GIRL.

I'll try, for I know He'll guide me
To the better land.

TEACHER.

Jesus wants a missionary,
Gospel truths to tell.

FIFTH BOY.

I'll try, and with His assistance,
Strive to tell them well.

ALL THE "I'LL TRY'S" BEING GROUPED, SING TO THE
TUNE "HOLD THE FORT."

Here we stand His willing servants,
And He's ever nigh
To uphold our faltering footsteps,
If we say, "I'll try."

CHORUS.

Forward, then, and work for Jesus,
Serve the Lord on high;
Let the motto on our banner
Ever be, "*I'll try.*"

FROM SORROW TO JOY.

THE CHILD MAY BE DRESSED IN WHITE, WITH RIBBONS, FLOWERS, ETC., BUT ENVELOPED IN A FADED, TATTERED SHAWL, WHICH SHE THROWS OFF AT THE WORDS "FOR THEN."

Dear friends, you see standing before you to-night
A poor little girl in a very sad plight;
I'm collector of funds for our church-building band,
An object of charity here I now stand.

I know your kind hearts will let pity rush in,
When you see my distress and garments so
thin;
I am shivering with cold, from the wind and the
rain,
And my heart turns to *you*, on whom I have
claim.

I'm but *one* of a thousand who wearily roam,
From far distant countries to find a new home;
We've strayed to the unsettled wilds of the
west,
Hoping there to cast anchor, find shelter and
rest;

But what do we find for our long patient
search?
There is scarcely a house and seldom a church;
And sad tears will fall, for our hearts are like
lead;
We have hardly a place to lay our tired head.

All this you can remedy, kind-hearted people:
Build us homes and a church;—we won't ask
for a steeple;
Our lot you can cheer and so greatly repair,
If from your large store just a *little* you'll
spare.

No longer, so tired, we'll falter and lag;
No longer our aching and wearied limbs drag;
For then, we before you in joy will appear,
Our sorrows all vanished, and dried every tear.

Would you be one pillar on which these homes
rest?

Then give, and give cheerfully, so you'll be blest,
And twine round your pillar such roses as
these,*

To send forth sweet fragrance on every light
breeze.

* Display silver dollars.

BUILD ME A HOME.

Kind friends, God asks you to build Him homes,
Where His spirit may come and abide;
O'er which He can fold His peaceful white wing,
And sit by His worshipers' side.

Build homes for the shepherds who watch o'er
His fold,
Who trials and hardships endure;
Build homes they can turn to with loving hearts,
And gather the lambs in secure.

Build homes for His children on prairies wild,
By mountains and valleys and streams;
Build homes for the homeless, on which, always,
The light of God's countenance beams.

Oh, build God "sweet homes," from the towers
of which
Sabbath bells will ring sweet and clear,
And call out to those passing by on their way,
"Oh, come in and worship God here!"

Help on this good work ; it will not be long
Ere you've numbered life's golden sands ;
Then you will inherit a home in the sky,
A "temple not made with hands."

WHAT MISSIONARIES HAVE DONE FOR TURKEY AND CHINA.

[For a boy and girl.]

TURKEY.

We thought that we were happy,
For we believed in God,
And bowed to his great prophet
Mahomet's cruel rod.

CHINA.

Oh, we had gods so many,
Of wood and stones and flowers ;
I gave them everything I had,
And worshiped them for hours.

TURKEY.

We thought that in the harem,
The truest joy was found,
Arrayed in costly fabrics,
And jewels scattered round.

CHINA.

We liked to smoke our opium pipe,
Our pigtail braided even ;
For without that, you know, we thought
We could not enter heaven.

TURKEY.

But now you know just what it is
That paves the way to heaven;
For since the Missionaries came
The true light you are given.

CHINA.

Oh, yes indeed! we owe to them,
Our deepest gratitude;
They've taught us right from wrong to know,
With light our souls imbued.

TURKEY.

And we have rights we ne'er had known,
But for these Christians here;
For they have thrown a hallowed joy,
Upon our homes so drear.

BOTH.

God bless the Missionaries kind,
For all that they have done;
And may we meet them all in heav'n,
Around the great white throne!

GOD'S COLLECTING AGENT.

[For a boy. Just before taking up a collection.]

Up in heaven God has a casket,—
Shaped, it may be, like this basket;
Whether it is few or many,
Through to His drops every penny.

Open wide your hearts and purses,
In proportion to your mercies;
Drop in freely dimes and nickels,
Or we'll make a face like pickles.

Would it not be jolly funny,
If, when we shall count our money,
This will be just running over—
Won't we children be in clover?

As a rule, I'm anti-treater,
But I know of nothing sweeter
Than the treat of getting money
For our work; it's good as honey.

For I'm God's Collecting Agent,
And our call for funds is urgent;
Give us freely, pour in steady;
Here I come, please all get ready.

A LITTLE SERMON.

[By a little Preacher. Before a collection.]

Brethren and sisters, you will find my text in Paul's epistle to the Galatians, sixth chapter and tenth verse. In brief, "Do good as you have opportunity."

Firstly, brethren, try avoid
One another cheating;
Opportunity for this,
Everywhere you're meeting.

Secondly, don't talk too much,
 (This is for the sisters);
Shield each other's characters,
 From all scandal blisters.

Thirdly, if you see a man
 Nearly drowned in sorrow,
Give him half a chance to live,
 Lend him, if he'll borrow.

Do it quickly, kindly too,
 Without sign of grudging;
Opportunities like this,
 Are your elbows nudging.

Fourthly, if you see a chap,
 Looking kind of seedy;
Take this opportunity,
 To prove you are not greedy.

Give him a big slice of bread,
 Spread it *thick* with butter,
Sprinkle sugar on it too,
 Over which don't sputter.

Fifthly, enemies forgive,
 Without any scoring;
Tenderly upon their heads
 Red-hot coals be pouring.

Sixthly, if a schoolmate hits
 You right between your eyes;
Kiss his cheek, then-quickly note
 His look of great surprise.

There are numerous points to make,
 But I will not linger;
 Right before me is the clock,
 With its warning finger.

So, my hearers, I'll be brief,
 Lest your patience weary,
 And you think my sermon long,
 Dry and somewhat dreary.

Lastly, brethren, you should give
 To our work unsparing;
 This grand opportunity
 In your face is staring.

When we pass the basket round,
 Ere our meeting closes,
 You will find it *very near*,
 Underneath your noses.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Christian workers who toil by the wayside to-day,
 Faint not in your service nor flattering be,
 For along all the way is a harvest of sheaves,
 Waiting for thee.

Patient workers, take courage, renew all thy
 powers,
 For on earth and in heaven the redeemed bend
 the knee,
 In fervent thanksgiving and earnest entreaty
 Praying for thee.

Tireless workers, ye are lights that are set on a
hill,
Your lamps burning bright, casting rays o'er
the sea,
There'd be thousands in darkness now lingering
still,
Only for thee.

Faithful workers, not far in the future, you'll
stand
On the sweet, restful shores of the clear jasper
sea,
Where a palm and a crown in the Saviour's own
hand,
Is waiting for thee.

LET US WORK.

Our God is so mightily working,
Why should not we?
In Him is no idleness lurking,
Then why in me?
For souls He is earnestly pleading,
Oh, why not we?
And thousands to Him He is leading
With "Come unto Me!"
Then why should not we, patient waiting,
The hands of the fallen be taking,
Their sinful souls gently awaking
With "Come and see!"

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

I saw away yonder a wonderful gate,
 Arched high in the heaven so blue;
'Twas set with great diamonds and marvelous
 pearls,
And rubies resplendent in hue.

Its sapphires were lustrous, its amethysts clear,
 Its emeralds bright sparkling green;
And all precious metals and every rare gem,
 In beautiful order were seen.

And sometimes this wonderful gate stands ajar,
 For those who are called to pass through;
Their garments are whiter than wind-driven
 snow,
And sparkle with dazzling hue.

For they have been washed in the blood of the
 Lamb —
 That offering on Calvary's mount —
Their ransom was purchased and pardoned each
 sin,
When dipped in the life-giving fount.

'Tis a curious thing, and to me very strange,
What wonders this fountain can do;
I've witnessed it make a most wonderful change,
In people of darkest hue.

One day as I watched near the opening gate,
There passed in of Africa's race,
A multitude, who for their faith had been slain,
And each had a *pure, white* face.

It seems that no matter what color the skin,
If yellow or blackish or white,
Before they pass in thro' this glorious gate,
They all become perfectly white.

Some others went in, too, I noticed one day,
Through the gate standing slightly ajar,
Whose faces had always been white during life,
But now they were whiter by far.

So I drew near the keeper and asked: "Who
are these,
Just passing in under the gate?"
Said he: "These are they who have served the
great King
With faithfulness, early and late."

"How served Him?" asked I, with foreboding
dread,
For fear I might not of them be;
He looked at me then with a radiant smile,
Saying: "Little one, come unto me."

He held my two hands in the tenderest clasp,
And asked me in accents so mild;

"Would you serve the King as these others
have done?

Then give Him your heart, dearest child.

Then, clothes to the naked, and food to the poor,
Just a goblet of water cold,
If you have nothing more; but give in my name,
And bid them come into my fold.

You must visit the sick, the sorrowing, and those
Who sit behind strong iron bars;
And hasten to carry the Gospel of Life
To all dwelling under the stars.

Give back to the Saviour who freely to you,
Has given much gold and estate;
Then feed my dear lambs and bear sweetly my
cross,
And you'll enter the golden gate."

"Feed *your* lambs," bear *your* cross!" I cried in
dismay;

"Yes!" he answered, with kindly nod;

"This beautiful gate leads into my heaven,
And *I*, its one keeper, am *God*!"

HOW BEAUTIFUL!

How beautiful upon the mountain,
Are the feet of them that bring,
Glad tidings of salvation free,
To make all nations sing!

How beautiful upon the mountain,
Are the hands that seeds bestow,
To make the wilderness bear fruit,
And blossom like the rose!

How beautiful upon the mountain,
Are the words from lips and voice,
That lift the veil from darkened eyes,
And make the heart rejoice!

How beautiful upon the mountain,
Is the faithful, fervent prayer,
That's raised to heaven to dissipate
Our dark night of despair!

How beautiful upon the mountain,
Will shine forever the *star*,
In the crown of those that rescue,
One soul from the judgment bar!

OUR SALVATION ARMY.

[For small boys, dressed in uniform if desired.]

We are God's little army,
And really *love* to fight,
Because there is no bloodshed
In *our* battles for the right.

We pull down Satan's strongholds,
With *faith* and *love* and prayer;
And when we have them conquered,
We plant our standard there.

We march in little companies,
 With banners all unfurled;
 Our captain will cry "Forward!"
 Till we've marched around the world.

Our bullets made of pennies,
 Will never miss the marks,
 And dry we'll keep the powder,
 And fire with righteous sparks.

Our banner has no strange device;
 'Tis simply "Cross and Crown,"
 And when we've stamped it on the earth,
 We'll lay our weapons down.

YE GAVE ME NO KISS.

I was a little stranger child.
 The teacher took my hand and smiled,
 Looking so kindly, good and sweet,
 As she assigned me to a seat,
 My heart went out to her in trust,
 I hungered so for love, a crust.

My mother had but lately died,
 And when she called me to her side,
 And laid her hand upon my head,
 In faltering tones she softly said:
 "When I am laid beneath the sod,
 You'll find, my child, no friend like God."

I mind me how the lesson told,
 To give a cup of water cold

To any one in Jesus' name,
 Would be like giving *Him* the same.
My eyes on her unwavering bent,
 I listened, heart and ear intent:
I thought, this cup with *love* she'd fill,
 And give to *me* my thirst to still.

And well do I remember, next,
 She read to us the golden text,
Which told how God respected all
 Mankind alike, if great or small,
If rich or poor, or young or old;
 And then in earnest words she told,
That Jesus loves a child no less
 Than *kings*; on this she laid much stress.

When with such golden words as these,
 She bound my heart to her with ease,
I thought my mother need not fear,
 I'd found a friend well nigh as dear
As God; her love for me has grown,
 Although I'm friendless, poor and lone.

But when the class she had dismissed,
 Each little one she sweetly kissed
Except myself; on me she smiled,
 And said: "You'll come again, my child?"
I could not speak, I felt so chilled,
 My throbbing heart to bursting filled;
Her heart, I knew, was good and kind,
 But in her was a different mind
Than God's, or she would surely pressed
 The *stranger* child unto her breast.

Oh, what a great mistake was there,
That I should *mortal* love compare
With Christ's! I swallowed hard to choke
The gushing tears; my mother spoke
To me again, from 'neath the sod:
"You'll find, my child, *no friend like God.*"

FOUND!—A GEM.

I have found a costly gem;
From a monarch's diadem
It must be, for there is dearth
Of such jewels on the earth.

Even in the deep, blue sea,
Such rare jewels cannot be;
Nor in mines where brilliant stones
Hide within their covert thrones.

In the mountain's rocky cave,
On the shore's wild waters lave,
Nowhere can such gems be bought,
Though you search the world throughout.

Though 'tis *mine*—this precious gem,
With no flaw one can condemn—
Though 'tis priceless, perfect, true,
This rare gem I offer you.

Do you know this wondrous stone?
Will you take it for your own?
'Tis the *pearl of greatest price*,
Dropped to each from Paradise!

FIELDS.

[For five boys.]

FIRST BOY.

Boys! everywhere waiting are fields to be had,
Where we can labor and make others glad;
Fields that are waiting for you and for me,
Who'll take a claim now, and which shall it be?

SECOND BOY.

I'll take the street field; there's much to be done
That's generous and kindly while having much
fun;
I'll mind to bend over when other frogs leap,
And when I play marbles it won't be for
"keeps!"

THIRD BOY.

I'll take the field of the every-day school,
And try very hard to obey every rule;
To learn all my lessons my back I will crook,
Before for an answer I peek in my book.

FOURTH BOY.

I'll take the home field; 'tis best that I should,
To rock sister's cradle and split kindling wood;
Sift cinders, run errands, blow the fire to a blaze,
And help my dear mother in various ways.

FIFTH BOY.

I'll take the Sabbath school field, and I'll bend
Every effort to get all the boys to attend;
I'll try not to play with or pinch the next boy,
Stick pins or make spit-balls to others annoy.

FIRST BOY.

You've chosen so well, boys, I really can't see
 There's any selection left open for me;
 So I'll just fall in line with and help all the rest,
 So let's work with a will and see who can do
 best.

WALK WITH GOD.

Walk with God? Which is the way,
 He will choose to walk to-day?
 Will the path be strewn with flowers,
 Floods of perfume, sunlit hours?

Will the streets be paved with gold,
 Studded o'er with gems untold?
 Must the angels there abide,
 Or His steps will turn aside?

Should the way be very dark,
 Not one glimmering ray or spark
 Of clear light my steps to guide,
 Will He still walk by my side?

Should temptation's fiery dart,
 Grieve my soul and pierce my heart,
 Will He by my side remain,
 Sharing all my grief and pain?

Should the way be cheerless, cold,
 Will He not let go his hold?
 Will His kind voice cheer me on,
 Till the goal I seek is won?

Yes! I'll feel His hand in mine,
As I walk along the line,
He has marked so narrow, straight,
Leading up to heaven's gate.

I will walk with God to-day,
Nor from His side will ever stray;
Not only will He hold my hand,
But guide me to the promised land.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Don't you hear the gentle Saviour,
Knocking at your heart's closed door?
Open wide and bid him enter,
And remain forevermore.

Let him in, the gentle Jesus,
Bid him as your guest abide;
Make your heart a holy temple,
Where with joy he will reside.

He will cast out fear and envy,
Evil foes dare not come in;
While he guards the temple's fortress,
Thou'lt defeat the hosts of sin.

It is He that's gently knocking,
When your heart is softly stirred,
By the truths your earnest teacher,
Reads you from His holy word.

Open wide your hearts, so tender,
 Ere they're locked and barred by sin;
 Even now He's gently pleading,
 "Child, I pray you, let me in."

FIELD OF GOLD.

I have a cluster of rare gems,
 Found in a field of gold;
 A field whose yieldings never rust,
 Nor tarnish when grown old.

The first I found was lustrous truth,
 And oh, how it did shine,
 To eyes whose wayward gaze had dwelt
 On falsehood dark, like mine!

And further on lay honesty,
 Embedded in a rock;
 And when I clasped it in my hand,
 The diamond's glow it mocked.

Obedience, prayer, benevolence,
 Quite close together lay;
 And their three-fold resplendent light
 Was brighter than the day.

I scanned them o'er oft counting them,
 And pondering which was best,
 When lo, I found pure, radiant love
 Outshining all the rest.

I've told my gems and now I'll tell,
Where is the field of gold ;
It is the blessed Sabbath-school,
The Shepherd's tenderest fold.

OUR LITTLE GIFTS.

[For five little girls.]

FIRST CHILD.

I give to God my infant voice,
To bid the world in Him rejoice.

SECOND CHILD.

I give to God my infant hands,
To scatter good seed o'er the lands.

THIRD CHILD.

I give to God my infant feet,
To gather children from the street.

FOURTH CHILD.

I give to God my infant heart,
To love Him dearly is my part.

FIFTH CHILD.

I give to God my pennies all,
In answer to the gospel's call.

ALL.

We give to God our strength and might,
To battle for the truth and right.

THE SUN AND THE STAR.

[For a boy and girl.]

THE SUN. (BOY.)

I am king of the earth, and I ride all day,
In a chariot of blue and fleecy clouds gay;
I shine in magnificent splendor and heat,
And have all the busy world under my feet;
I drive off the mist from the mountain-tops blue,
And drink to my fill of the fresh morning dew;
From daintiest rose-leaf and flowery cup,
Or snow-crested hill-tops I feast and I sup;
I dim the pale light of the stars by the glow
I throw o'er the earth, when, like monarch I go,
Enwrapped in my mantle of amber and red,
To rest in my purple and gold royal bed.
I'm glad I'm the Sun in my radiant car,
And not yonder pale, little, lone, trembling star.

THE STAR. (GIRL.)

Quite true, kingly Sun, you are god of the earth,
But *I* heralded a *mightier* One's birth!
I know you do all that you claim, powerful Sun,
But my work begins just as soon as you're done;
I ride all the *night* in a chariot as fair,
And have all the sleeping world under my care;
I, too, have a brilliant and dazzling hue,
If I'm not as strong and vainglorious as you.
I watch in deep silence while heaven's dew
distill,
Then wake gentle zephyrs the flower cups to fill;
When from your hot glances they shrinkingly
turn,

'Tis I and the shades of night, for whom they
yearn.

The fiery red glow that you cast in the west,
Enhances my welcome to nature's tired breast.
I'm Hope's trustful guide and gentle Faith's
guest,

By mankind and angels alike I am blest;
And so I'm content in my blue home afar,
That *you* are the *Sun*, and *I* naught but the *Star*.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

If through adverse waters in life you must sail,
Encountering and buffeting many a gale,
Lean only on Jesus, thine own arm will fail:
Tired heart! lean for rest
On God, who knows best.

You know not but poverty, sickness and toil;
God uses in wisdom to gently uncoil
The heart-strings now clinging too strong to
earth's soil;
O heart of unrest!
Trust God, who knows best.

It may be that what He does now you know
not,
But shall know hereafter, when, cleansed from
each blot,
Thy soul shall be purified, trials forgot,—
O heart! be at rest;
God knows what is best.

ACORNS.

I seem to you a little boy ;
My papa thinks I'm but a *toy* ;
But this, my friends, I'm sure you know,
"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Tall oaks, mean great, big men, you see,
And that is what I hope to be ;
And if I am I know I'll try,
To do some great things by and by.

I now begin to pennies earn,
And soon they will to dollars turn ;
So now I'll give my *pennies* free,
And later, *dollars* it shall be.

Now, in proportion to my size,
Won't you my little lesson prize ;
First acorns, pennies, boys, and then
Tall oaks, bright dollars and great men.

THE LIVING WATER.

Go, carry the living water,
To thirsting souls who wait ;
Haste, carry it to them quickly
And bid them freely take.

Go, tell them this living fountain,
Hath inexhaustible store ;
And 'tis well, for those who taste it,
Want of it more and more.

Go, place to the lips of childhood
A cup its thirst to assuage,
And lead to the brink of the well-spring,
The feeble and tottering age.

'Twill quench the thirst of the dying,
The sick, the weary 'twill save ;
This free-flowing, sparkling water,
Will rescue a *king* or a *slave*.

For *all* is this living water !
In the soul wherein it is rife,
There'll spring up a crystal fountain,
Of pure, everlasting life.

EARTH'S SACRED JEWELS.

Earth hath jewels rich and rare,
Gems of value past compare ;
Not in mines hid 'neath the ground,
Nor in sea-beds are these found.

Gushing from the red lips, flow
Burning rubies all aglow,
Emblem of celestial food,
This rare jewel — gratitude.

Brimming o'er the soft, kind eye
Drops the pearl of — sympathy ;
Copious showers of sorrow's rain,
Bring the softening emerald — pain.

Shrined within the human heart,
Gem that has no counterpart,
Shaded from the dome above,
Matchless sapphire — mother love.

Earth's reverses that befall,
Life's misfortunes, great or small,
Bear unflinchingly the test
Of true friendship's amethyst.

Light absorbing from the sun,
To reflect when day is done,
White, ethereal, sparkling ray,
Peerless diamond — charity.

In a clustered diadem
Lies a pure and holy gem ;
Our immortal soul laid bare
Is its setting — earnest prayer.

Earth hath jewels, sacred, rare,
Rich or poor alike may wear ;
Crown gems of the soul, they shine
With effulgency divine.

LOVE'S SERVICE.

[For a small child.]

Oh, how I long to serve God !
I am little, I know,
But some day I'll grow
And walk in the footsteps He trod.

How I long every day to do right!
To have a low seat
At dear Jesus' feet
At morning, at noon and at night.

How I long to run the good race!
'Tis not to the swift
Nor the strong, the gift
Of seeing Him face to face.

But such little creatures as I,
With earnest desire,
May truly aspire,
To serve Him and see Him on high.

OUR SILVER CHAIN.

[For six little children.]

ALL.

Little acts of kindness,
Done in Jesus' name,
Binds our hearts together
Like a silver chain.

ALL CROSS HANDS AND JOIN, FORMING A CHAIN.

FIRST CHILD.

If I say a naughty word;

SECOND CHILD.

If I kill a little bird;

THIRD CHILD.

If I cry for everything;

FOURTH CHILD.

If a stone I careless fling ;

FIFTH CHILD.

If I make an angry face ;

SIXTH CHILD.

If I want the nicest place ;

ALL.

Breaks at once our little chain ;

All our kindness seems in vain.

BREAK THE CHAIN BY ALL THROWING UP THEIR HANDS.

FIRST CHILD.

If my heart is free from guile ;

SECOND CHILD.

If I love a stranger child ;

THIRD CHILD.

If I have an open hand ;

FOURTH CHILD.

If I up for Jesus stand ;

FIFTH CHILD.

If my temper I will school ;

SIXTH CHILD.

If I keep the golden rule ;

ALL, JOINING HANDS AGAIN.

Then again our hands unite

In a chain that's strong and bright.

JESUS' NATURE.

On the bosom of the water,
Jesus fell asleep;
Heeding not the rising billows,
Of the swelling deep.

Pale with fear His followers watched Him,
As the heavens grew dark,
Thinking only of the danger
Threat'ning their frail bark.

"Save! Oh, Master, save! we perish!"
Loud on Him they cry;
Clinging to His robe they pleaded,
"Save us, Lord! we die!"

In an instant Jesus, waking,
Whispered: "Peace! be still!"
Stormy winds and howling tempest,
Yielded to His will.

"Where's thy faith?" he asks in wonder;
"Am not *I* with thee?
Dost thou fear a storm's destruction,
When thou art with me?"

Lose I power o'er troubled waters,
While I slumbering rest?
Couldst not thou in thy weak terror,
Lean upon my breast?

Noise of stormy winds and waters,
Did not wake thy Lord;

'Twas a human soul in anguish
Touched the vital cord."

Thus is Jesus quickly wakened,
On the land or sea,
When our hearts are truly calling,
"Master! oh, save me!"

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Let's sail with a will down the silvery stream,
That glides to the wide, open sea,
Where knowledge, intelligence, wisdom and
truth
Are generously given and free.

The stream is not narrow, nor shallow its depth,
But sparkling and rippling and clear;
No venomous reptiles are lurking therein.
No quicksands or whirlpool to fear.

'Tis a branch of the wonderful sea called the
church,
And patience, instruction and love,
Are the ships that are riding its quiet, cool
waves
Direct to the harbor above.

No breakers ahead, heavy gales ne'er set in,
To ruffle its surface repose;
Its borders are fringed with ne'er dying flowers.
That ever new beauties disclose.

Let's sail with delight down the silvery stream,
That flows to the wide, open sea,
Whose white-winged barks will cast anchor at
last,
On the shore of eternity.

JESUS SAID, "WHO TOUCHED ME?"

"Who touched my garment's hem?"
The loving Saviour asks,
As in the throng He walks
Performing mercies' tasks.

Whose soul hath touched my soul
And felt its healing balm?
My virtue hath gone out
Some troubled one to calm.

Whose faith hath touched my heart
By trusting in my power?
Who hath received the gift
Of healing in this hour?

Dear Lord, 'twas only I,
A sinner vile, unclean,
That, pressing 'mid the throng,
But touched thy garment's seam.

Forgive me, Lord, I pray,
If aught I've done amiss;
Down in the dust I'll kneel
And thy dear feet I'll kiss.

“Nay, go in peace,” he said,
“A ransomed, happy soul;
Thy faith hath touched my faith
And I have made thee whole.”

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

“Fear not, little flock!” I heard a voice say,
That seemed to come to me from over the way;
“’Tis the Father’s good pleasure the kingdom
to give,
To all who will seek it and righteously live!”

The voice was as sweet as the tones of a bell,
Allaying the fear that my bosom did swell,
Again it spoke, clearly, though naught could I
see,
“Oh, suffer the children to come unto me!”

I looked all about, there was no place to hide,
I called: “Voice, where art thou?” It only
replied,
In accents all earnest with warning and truth:
“Remember thy Lord in the days of thy
youth!”

My face in my hands I concealed, and stood
still,
I scarcely could murmur, “Yes, dear Lord, I
will!”
My heart to its tenderest depth was so stirred,
I knew ’twas the voice of my Saviour I heard.

SELF-DENIAL.

TO BE RECITED BEFORE TAKING A COLLECTION.

Self-denial is, you know,
Sometimes apt to go quite slow;
'Tis no little thing to bear,
When ourselves we pinch and spare;
Don't *I* know how hard it is?
Can't I make an ugly phiz,
When so many things I see
In the shops that please me!

But the things I will not touch,
Saying to *old self*, "Not much!"
I have better use for dimes,
And pennies, too, in these hard times;
From bananas, peanuts, corn,
Turn my eyes away in scorn;
Give my pennies where they'll do
Others good, and so must you.

Will not every girl or boy,
Sacrifice some sweet or toy,
And though it is with a jerk,
Give that money to this work?
Is there not some lady here,
Will wear her hat another year,
Giving what a new one cost,
To save a soul that might be lost?

Will you heed the words I say?
Men burn up Bibles every day,
Burn them up in wreaths of smoke!
Believe me, friends, this is no joke;—

Here's a chance for self-denial !
Do without tobacco vile :
Give *our work* that same amount,
And see how much for you 'twill count.

God has a scale and weighs us all ;
And if our gifts are great or small,
Depends if we have *self* bereft,
For He will count *what we have left*.

A NEW TEXT.

Why is it that in churches, folks
The rear seats always seek?
Is it because they come in late,
Or 'cause their new boots squeak?

Whate'er the reason, Parson Jones
Was sorely tried and vexed ;
And how to remedy the fault,
Was seriously perplexed.

His congregation otherwise,
In virtues were replete ;
But when he'd say " There's room in front,"
To the rear they retreat.

He pondered long and studied much,
What strategy to use
To make his people come right in
And fill up the front pews.

The meeting opened punctually,
The reading had begun,
And in the people, as of yore,
Came stringing one by one ;

And each would crowd *behind* the last,
Till seats there were no more ;
From half the room, they're crammed and
jammed
Clean to the vestry door.

The Parson's face was rather long,
As he the last words read ;
Then in a voice half vexed, half grieved,
Emphatically he said :

"Come forward, brothers, sisters, and
Get used to it below ;
All *rear* seats in heaven, I'm sure,
Were taken long ago !"

STAND FOR JESUS.

Now the Saviour's name confessing
Nobly take your stand ;
All His sacred truths confessing,
Join our Christian band.

Let your shield His name be bearing ;
Give Him all your heart ;
In the battle for His Kingdom,
Bear a worthy part.

If upon your heart is written
 Jesus' holy name,
 When with guilty fear you're smitten,
 You'll not cry in vain.

"These are mine!" He'll tell the Father,
 "That confessed my name;
 So for them in loving memory
 Do I now the same."

Stand for Jesus, in the shadow
 Of the cross He bore,
 And within His smiling presence
 Bask forevermore.

Trusting hearts that sing His praises,
 Lips that open wide
 To confess He is their Saviour,
 Shall with Him abide.

MISSING FROM CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

When Jesus, our Saviour, ascended to heaven,
 His ministry here being done,
 He looked round the kingdom in rapturous
 surprise,
 That God had prepared for his Son.

The streets were gold-paved and the mansions
 ablaze
 With thrilling and radiant light:
 No need was there for the warm noon-day sun,
 It knew neither coldness nor night.

His subjects were clothed in fleecy, soft robes,
All glittering like white, crusted snow;
A harp in their hands and a song on their lips,
In music's sweet blending did flow.

The language they spoke was rich with rare
words,
They talked of unutterable things;
The breezes were laden with fragrant perfume,
Exhaled from their glittering wings.

But little by little His face clouded o'er,
And sadness replaced the glad smile;
For looking around o'er the bright, happy
throng,
He missed from it many a child.

So too, when He gazed on His wonderful throne,
The place where the jewels are kept,
He saw many vacancies yet to be filled
And settings for many were cleft.

"Pray, where are these priceless and beautiful
gems,
And why are they not in their place?"
The Father made answer: "These jewels, my
son,
Remain on the earth for a space."

With speed of a thought then a message He
sent
To servants He left in the world;
"Go, gather my jewels who perish in sin,
Before to destruction they're hurled.

They lay over yonder in Death's valley dark,
Are wading in sin to the neck;
They've made of their beautiful garments of
flesh,
A desolate, pitiful wreck.

But heed not the filth, the mire and the clay,
Plunge deep in the sin-boiling wave;
To *my* cleansing fountain bring thousands a day,
For *I* am still mighty to save.

Put the cup of salvation to blue, swollen lips,
That think it no sin to profane;
New white robes of righteousness give to all
those
Who weary of Satan's dark reign.

And oh, be so tenderly gentle and kind,
To the dear little diamonds and pearls,
In ignorance tasting the world's bitter-sweet
And dazzled by sin's glittering whirl.

Work hard and unwearily, dear faithful ones,
I constantly watch for my own;
I cannot be perfectly happy in heaven
Till the gems are all set in my throne."

Then hasten, God's workers, whom He has so
filled
With love that can Satan defeat,
And find for the Saviour these loved, missing
gems,
To make His great kingdom complete.

THE ARMY OF THE TWO D'S.

[The Do's and Don't's. Boys are the Do's; girls, the Don't's.]

ALL.

We're a band of girls and boys
Doing things that make no noise;
But they have an echo sweet,
Reaching far as Jesus' feet.

BOY.

I pick pins up off the floor;

GIRL.

I don't slam the kitchen door;

BOY.

I lift sister o'er the mud;

GIRL.

I don't pluck the fruit in bud;

BOY.

I keep still when I am hushed;

GIRL.

I don't crowd when I am pushed;

BOY.

I my feet wipe on the mat;

GIRL.

I don't hide my brother's hat;

BOY.

I bow down my head in prayer;

GIRL.

I don't fuss around and stare ;

BOY.

I with patience always wait ;

GIRL.

I don't swing upon the gate ;

ALL.

There's much more we "don't" and "do,"
But we fear to weary you ;
Yet He who notes the sparrow's fall,
Sees these noiseless deeds so small ;
Faithful in them all are we,
Rulers over great to be.

GATHER UP THE CRUMBS.

Gather up the crumbs that fall,
On the world's hard floor ;
Trodden under heedless feet,
Stepped on o'er and o'er ;
Frowned upon or thrown aside,
Here or anywhere ;
Little, helpless, meagre crumbs,
Battling with despair.

Dry and hardened from neglect,
Covered o'er with gold,
Who a moment would suspect,
They're a crust of gold,

Or portion of a flaky loaf,
Pure and white and sweet,
Hidden by a veil of dust,
In that small retreat !

Gather up each tiny crumb,
Fingers deft and neat ;
For the gracious Master's board,
Make them wholly meet ;
Years ago with crimson coin,
Did He purchase them,
Knowing well each one contained
An immortal gem.

EARTH WAKING HER CHILDREN.

"Come, come, pretty flowers, you've slept long
enough!"
Cried old Mother Earth in a manner quite
rough ;
Her lightnings and thunders she'd marshaled
abroad,
And given them a shake that was no smiling
fraud.

She said it required one of these to awake
Her late sleeping beauties ; no light gentle
shake
Would ever suffice to arouse from their sleep
These children who'd slept under down a foot
deep.

And so with a copious shower of warm rain,
She deluged the meadows, the valleys and plain,
Presuming 'twould filter down through to their
 beds
And sprinkle them freely—the young, drowsy
 heads.

She oade a loud thunderbolt tap on the trees,
And call to them, “Forward your tender green
 leaves.
The south wind is laden with summer-like heat,
And soon you'll be needed to shadow the
 street.”

Then, listening, I heard away down in the
 earth,
The flowers gently yawn as they stretched in
 their berth;
They rubbed their bright eyes, washed their
 faces so sweet,
And softly they dried them upon a green sheet.

And standing beneath a bare-limbed maple tree,
I certainly heard something laugh merrily;
On looking, behold, right up there in plain sight,
The leaves bursted open with gladsome delight!

DON'T HURRY.

As you journey through the year,
 Don't be in a hurry;
Life's too short to pass it o'er
 With a rush and flurry;

Stop a moment by the way,
Lend a hand in lifting;
Deeds of kindness every day,
Through your hands be sifting.

Life's too precious far to waste,
Seeking but for money;
Grant a smile to every one,
Help to make life sunny;
Catch the sunshine's brightest rays,
Store them as your treasure;
Give them back to earth again,
In love's fullest measure.

Doing thus, you soon will find
Life is well worth living;
And instead of taking all,
You will do more giving;
Then your life will bear the stamp
Of a life in keeping
With this record, "Others' good,
Not your own, you're seeking."

HIDDEN ANGELS.

I never knew a father's love or mother's tender
care,
My hands were never taught to fold in attitude
of prayer;
My eyes grew cruel, hardening fast, I knew nor
love nor fear,
Had ne'er received affection's kiss or shed a
humane tear.

I'd tasted every cup of sin, of bitterness and woe,
The human soul in degradation steeped could
 ever know;
My manhood lost, hope's rudder gone, I stood
 a wreck alone,
All nobler instincts dead; my heart, though
 living, turned to stone.

With reckless gait I strode along — hark! What
 is that I hear?
A human sound or angel sigh wafted from un-
 seen sphere?
I turned; two pleading eyes as blue as heaven's
 ethereal dome
Gazed into mine; again that cry: "I'm lost!
 Please take me home?"

She'd grasped my hand — my sin-stained hand
 —as tho' 'twere undefiled,
In perfect confidence; a little, golden-haired, fair
 child;
"You lost, sweet one? Then where in God's
 wide universe am I?"
She looked distressed, bewildered, by my sudden,
 strange reply.

But clinging to my fingers her cheek was on
 them lain,
And swiftly fell her warm tears washing out
 their guilty stain;
As I beheld her sobbing thus, something awoke
 that slept,
A trembling ague rocked my frame, my soul was
 touched — *I wept.*

Both lost! I on the road to heaven, she from
her home misled;
I dared to fold her in my arms and kiss her
golden head;
I led her back upon the road her wandering feet
had trod,
She led me back to manhood, my eternal home,
and God.

A TRIBUTE TO —*

A tiny seed was planted in the ground,
And as the swiftly passing years rolled 'round,
It grew a stately tree of wonderous size,
Its topmost branches reaching to the skies.

'Twas watered by such heavenly dews as prayer,
Strong faith and love, rich hope and fervent
care

From loving hearts that were almost divine,
And deemed its growth a work indeed sublime.

Its roots struck deeply down in human hearts;
Its highest boughs were raised to heaven ap-
pealing;

Its thousand shimmering, rustling leaves,
Were for the sin-sick nations' healing.

'Tis like the famous tree in which, 'tis said,
That many birds did lodge and build their nest;
For in the shadow of its outstretched arms,
How many souls have found their sweetest rest!

* Any Christian organization.

The storms of sin and doubt and unbelief,
Have fiercely raged and tried its strength to
 spoil;

Yet still it stands erect and firm and free,
And has the Rock of Ages for its soil.

Thus, long as time endures may this bless'd
 Tree,

Its branches sway with influence far and near,
And oft from earnest hearts will rise the prayer,
God bless the *work* and *workers* of its sphere.

AT ANY COST.

A group of earnest men and youths
 Were gathering in the fold,
And each with contrite penitence,
 Their heart's experience told.

And here were many touching scenes,
 With bitter words and sweet,
As each related how he lay
 His heart at Jesus' feet.

Then each in turn the Pastor asked :
 " And did you count the cost,
In yielding up your life for Christ,
 Of earthly gain you've lost ? "

" Yes ! " all replied, until he asked,
 A youth not twenty-one ;
Said he, in most emphatic tone,
 " *That, sir, I have not done !* "

“What! have not counted o’er the cost?”
The astonished Pastor cried;
“My son, you’d better do so now,
Before you thus decide.”

“Not I!” said he more earnestly,—
And quick his bright eyes fill;—
“I’m going to serve my blessed Lord,
Let it cost what it will!”*

MY BETHEL.

The world was my adamant pillow,
With its luring, illusive dreams,
Misguiding me hither and thither,
With the flash of its glittering gleams,
And I wrestled with all my powers,
Its Sodomite pleasures to grip,
Which e’en as I gathered and tasted,
To ashes consumed on my lip.

Outwearied I restlessly slumbered,
And tossed on my pillow of stone;
When lo, there appeared to my vision,
A ladder that reached to God’s throne;
Each rung was entwined with rare flowers,
Impearled with heaven’s orient dew,
And charity, faith, love and duty,
Were words I could trace woven through.

* Words of Robert H. Richards, Dubuque, Iowa, deceased.

SWEET MELODIES.

AT THE TOMB.

[Children's chorus. Tune, "The Mocking Bird."]

We are children seeking Jesus,
Dear Jesus, dear Jesus!
If you would quickly please us,
Oh, tell us where they've taken him away.
Seeking for Him everywhere,
Seeking for Him everywhere!
We pray thee tell us where our Lord has gone:
Seeking for Him everywhere,
Seeking for Him everywhere!
Oh, tell us where to find the blessed One!

Our hearts are sad with weeping,
With weeping, with weeping,
Our lone watch we are keeping,
Since the early morning light of breaking day,
Watching for Him everywhere,
Watching for Him everywhere!
We pray thee tell us where our Lord has gone!
Watching for Him everywhere,
Watching for Him everywhere!
Oh, tell us where to find the blessed One!

Good motives, pure thoughts and high purpose,
 Were angels that went to and fro,
 Sustaining my faltering footsteps,
 As upward I steadfastly go,
 One rung at a time, very slowly,
 But hourly my strength did increase,
 And near to the top I discovered,
 The beautiful rung of peace.

All thrilling with glad expectation,
 At last the ascent I achieve ;
 Ah ! Who can unfold the vast splendors,
 'Tis not in the heart to conceive !
 Entwined in a crown star inwoven,
 Was each flowery rung I had trod,
 And placed on my head, as I, trembling,
 Awoke in the presence of God.

Say you that He has arisen,
 Arisen, arisen,
This morning from death's prison,
And walks the earth in immortality?
 Blessed be His holy name,
 Blessed be His holy name,
He's risen, He is risen from the dead!
 Blessed be His holy name,
 Blessed be His holy name,
The crown of victory rests upon His head!

CALVARY'S MISSION.

[Solo. Tune, "The Last Rose of Summer."]

On the wings of faith's morning,
 God's message has flown,
Till the seed of the gospel's,
 In plenteousness sown;
Till the Tree of Life blossoms,
 On desert and plain,
With leaves full of healing,
 For darkness and pain.

Swift the river of Life flows,
 From mountain to sea,
With its soul-saving vessel,
 For you and for me;
Still from Calvary's mission,
 Streams a pure, crimson flood,
And the souls of all nations
 Are cleansed in its blood.

THE SABBATH.

[Children's chorus. Tune, "Sweet Genevieve."]

O sacred day of purest joy !
O type of life without alloy !
A nightless day of radiant light
Without a shadow of earth's blight ;
An Eden filled with blissful hours,
A garden of undying flowers,
A foretaste of the life to be
Throughout a long eternity,
Eternity, eternity !

O sacred day of sweetest rest !
The day which God has surely blest !
A foretaste of the life above,
Where all is perfect peace and love !
No storms disturb, no fears annoy,
The soul is lost in endless joy ;
Foretaste of immortality,
Throughout a long eternity,
Eternity, eternity !

LIFE'S AUTUMN.

[Duet. Tune, "Juanita."]

Soft o'er the righteous falls life's Autumn sunset
glow
Lighting the twilight of the vale below ;
Piercing through the darkness of life's slowly
dying hour,

Breaking by its glimmer death's enthralling
power;
Guide us, O Saviour, 'till we reach heaven's
golden shore!
Guide us, O Saviour, guide usevermore!

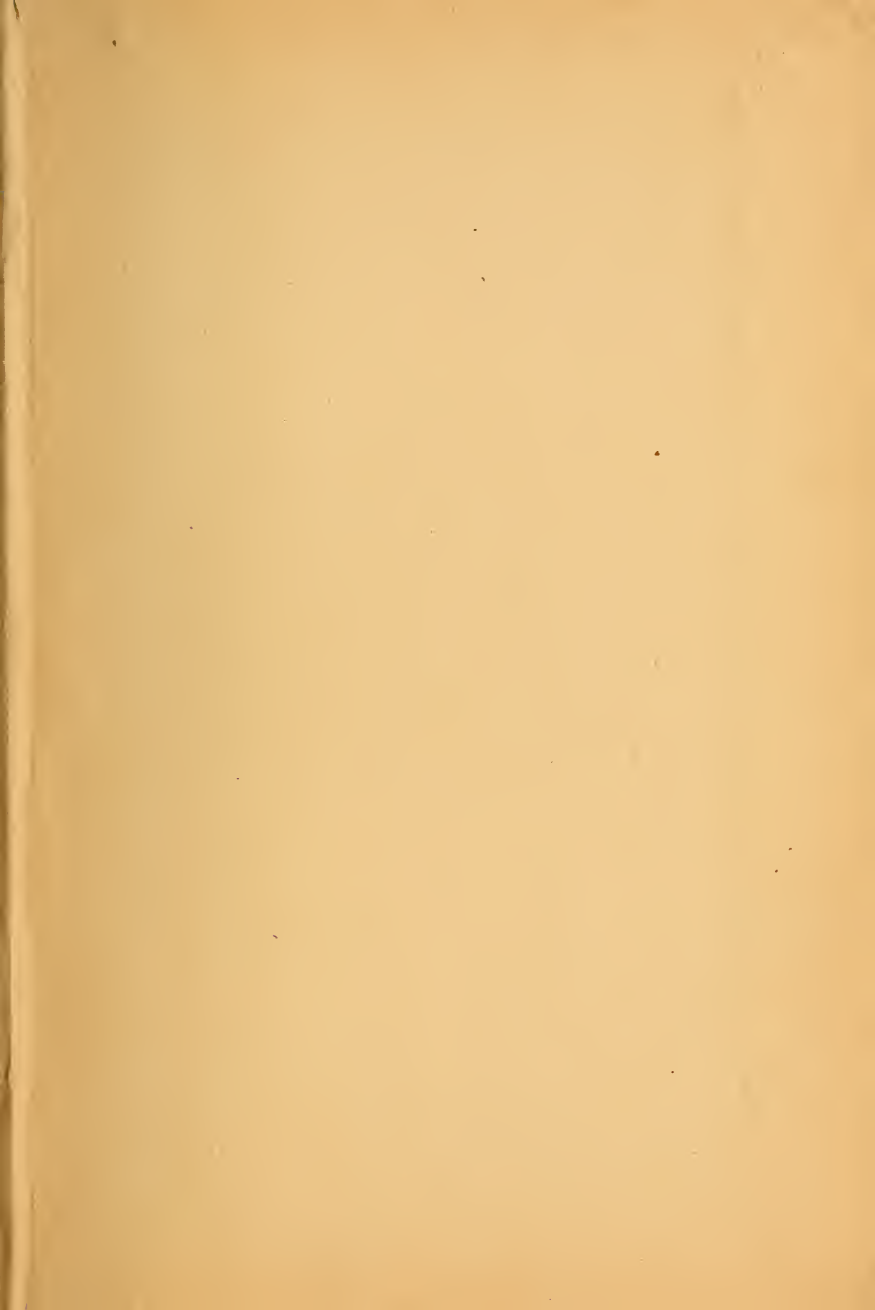
Peace without measure, rest that knows not
earthly care,
Not e'en the longing after silent prayer,
Leaning on the Saviour, life's long harvest
gathered home,
Sweet we'll hear Him calling: "Child, I bid thee
come!"
Take us, dear Saviour, when our work on earth
is o'er,
Take us, dear Saviour, to thy peaceful shore!

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

[Solo or chorus. Tune, "When the Swallows Homeward
Fly."]

Adoration's incense bring,
Worship now at Jesus' shrine;
Gifts of soulful penitence,
Lay before the child divine;
Born to carry all our grief,
To the weary bring relief;
Angels shout His wondrous birth
Born disclosing God to earth,
Born disclosing God to earth!

Wheresoe'er the Christ-child goes
Shadows swift before Him fly ;
Wheresoe'er He wanders on,
Gladness in His footsteps lie ;
Rays of mercy brightly shine
Soft reflecting love divine,
Bringing peace without an end,
Jesus Christ, the sinner's friend,
Jesus Christ, the sinner's friend !



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